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SCOTTISH HOME RULE

Some Practical Steps

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EVER since the Treaty of Union between Scotland and England in the year 1707 there has persisted North of the Tweed a strong current of Nationalist sentiment. The rumble of it can be heard in Burns' great battle ode "Scots Wha' Hae" chanted wherever Scotsmen meet in the four corners of the earth ; it can be heard at every meeting of the St. Andrew's and other patriotic Societies ; it can be seen in the flaunting of the kilt and the Kilmarnock bonnet. Mostly, however, it finds its expression in vague Jacobitism, drunken men of a Saturday night singing about Bonnie Prince Charlie and crying lustily to the heavens :—

" Will ye no come back again
Better lo'ed ye canna be
Will ye no come back again ? "

There is, however, no economic basis whatsoever to this sentiment. Mr. Theodore Napier with his Legitimist propaganda for a return of the Stuart dynasty received no financial support from any commercial interest ; his following, at the most a baker's dozen, failed to achieve even the notoriety of police attention ; and neither an impoverished aristocracy, a struggling and harassed bourgeoisie, nor any section of the peasantry or town workers subscribed a single shilling to his funds. Jacobitism is only a song, an air on the pipes.

In recent years a Scottish Nationalist political party has entered the electoral lists. So far it has failed to capture any Parliamentary seat and it has lost many deposits. Boldly proclaiming self-government for Scotland as its objective, it is endeavouring to attract support alike from sentimental Jacobites and from a business community which is restive and

disturbed by continual evidence of a drift of industry southwards to the English home counties. This Scottish Nationalist Party has had distinguished patronage—Mr. Cunningham Graham, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Roland Muirhead, the Duke of Montrose, and Sir Alexander McEwan, among others. It has exploited every industrial depression, every rationalization or re-organization of business, as in Calico Printing or Steel, which concentrated manufacturing processes in England and abandoned or restricted them in Scotland. It has drawn attention to the subsidy given for English Wheat and to the absence of a subsidy for Scottish Oats; to the greater poverty and unemployment and sickness and maternal mortality in Scotland; to our appalling preponderance of slums; and it has ascribed every economic ill from which Scotland suffers to the absence of a Parliament in Edinburgh. But the Labour Party and the Trade Unions having been compelled by necessity to organize upon an inter-nation basis (although still in most instances with certain national or district autonomous rights reserved) and the Business Community apparently fearful of ultimate tariff walls being erected at Gretna, with baggage examinations and delays such as irritate the traveller between the Free State and Northern Ireland today, or having visions of added taxation burdens for an unnecessary duplication of diplomatic or administrative services, look askance at the Scottish Nationalist Party. Broadly, therefore, it is true to say that the great economic interests of Scotland have wedded themselves to political organization upon an inter-nation basis wherein inevitably Englishmen and Welshmen are in a vast majority; and, although the sentiment for a greater devolution of economic and administrative power from Whitehall to Edinburgh is undoubtedly wide and growing, neither the Labour Party nor Big Business shows the slightest sign of adopting any course which might involve severance from their class associates south of the Border.

There is, moreover, one further major practical difficulty which the sudden cut self-government propagandists have been unable to surmount. It is clear that there are only two methods by which a Parliament in Edinburgh can be re-established. Either the English and the Welsh must be persuaded to it or

they must be compelled to it. There is no third method. Compulsion on the Irish model, even were it desirable in itself, can be ruled out as a sheer impossibility, since neither the gunmen nor the supporting public opinion for the gunmen exist. We are left, therefore, with persuasion. All steps in devolution must be made by consent. The English must be convinced that the proposed Governmental and administrative changes inure to their advantage as well as to the advantage of the Scots ; and any proposals in the direction of self government to be acceptable at Westminster must not only be evolutionary, they must be clear, business-like, and evoke the minimum of opposition both in England and in Scotland.

Upon that premise of the necessity of persuading the English some of us have been framing a case for a more effective use of the machinery of the Scots Grand Committee in the Imperial Parliament. Recently, Mr. Henderson Stewart, M.P. for East Fife, has seen fit to indite an open letter to the Secretary of State for Scotland in which he suggests that—

- (1) All second readings of purely Scottish Bills should be taken in the Scots Grand Committee and not upon the floor of the House of Commons.
- (2) The Scottish Estimates should be considered and voted upon in the Scots Grand Committee, and
- (3) The Scots Grand Committee in considering the Estimates should do so at Edinburgh where the Local Authorities and the general public, if so minded, could attend the sessions.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Henderson Stewart presents these Grand Committee developments not as immediately practicable steps to Home Rule for Scotland but as a barrier to and a substitute for it ; and naturally the partisans of the Scottish Nationalist Party have been stirred up to furious opposition. Possibly they might have opposed the proposals anyhow ; but from the context of such protests and criticisms as they have made—for example those by Professor Dewar Gibb—it is evident that their opposition is not so much concerned with the merits of the proposals in themselves or with their intrinsic importance to Scotland as they are with their presentation as an alternative to Home Rule. The which in fact they are not. On the contrary, if it could be shown that the Scots Grand Committee route is the only immediately possible one towards large-scale devolution ; that the route

may be opened—perhaps in this Parliament—by general goodwill and consent ; that it makes the next steps easier ; and that it ensures a much more effective supervision by Scots M.P.s over the moneys allocated by Parliament for Scottish services ; that it involves less bureaucracy and more democracy, and a much more meticulous examination of Scottish measures before they are landed upon the Statute Book—in other words, if it could be shown that these proposals are good business, we might reasonably hope that the propositions will be discussed upon their merits and without the introduction of any unnecessary political prejudices or catch-words.

Some months ago the Labour Party through Dr. Dalton and Mr. Attlee gave its benison to a general outline of similar suggestions which I had been advancing. The Liberal Party is not in the least likely to oppose them ; and there are to my knowledge highly-placed Conservatives who are firmly convinced that, short of some such scheme of devolution by the Imperial Parliament, Scottish public business, undiscussed and unexamined, will become clogged in a Civil Service bureaucracy. For that belief there is indeed already considerable justification. Parliamentary control of the Scottish Estimates has, to all intents and purposes, disappeared. Twelve days per annum is the total sum of Parliamentary time allocated for the discussion of the estimates of all Departments of State—Scots estimates included. The Opposition Parties have a right of selection in the subjects to be discussed and also by arrangement through the usual channels (polite parlance for a meeting of the Chief Government Whip and the Chief Opposition Whip) the precise days upon which the examination of the selected subjects is to take place. Hitherto it has been a custom with the Opposition to allocate two of its twelve estimate days to Scots business and it has remitted to its Scots members the selection of the Scots subjects they desire examined. This year the Scots Labour members chose $1\frac{1}{2}$ days for Public Health in Scotland—for the most part Housing—and a half-day for the Herring Industry Board. In other words, Public Health got 11 hours and Herrings 3 hours. Agriculture, Education and all the myriad affairs under the Scottish Office Vote got nothing at all. This means that the estimates for all these undiscussed Departments and services

with their almost boundless ramifications and their supreme importance to the well-being of Scots folk were ultimately passed by Parliament *en bloc* and without one moment of examination. No one surely can defend a system like that. And year by year, as Parliament becomes more and more loaded with International issues—Spain, Palestine, and what not—the less and ever less is there any possibility of extension in the time allocated for examination of the Scots estimates. Yet the need for extra time becomes still more apparent as Imperial Parliament, session after session, assumes new functions and supervisions ; and unless steps are taken to provide opportunities for public scrutiny of the vast and developing Departmental Budgets, we are, in fact, handing over the control of affairs in Scotland to a Civil Service bureaucracy. In theory, of course, this bureaucracy is itself under the control and direction of the Secretary of State for Scotland. But what can that poor Pooh Bah do ? He is the Minister for Scottish affairs. His area of administration is 400 miles away from his Office. He has his Cabinet duties to perform. He has four large ministries to supervise and with the best will in the world he cannot do it. The machine is indeed already far beyond his control.

But there is one further fact to be observed. In the two days of Parliamentary time at present devoted to Scots estimates hardly one English member ever puts his nose inside the Chamber until the divisions are automatically called at 11 p.m. In practice the discussions are confined to the Scots members, although, of course, any Member of Parliament, English, Northern Irish or Welsh, would be quite within his rights in endeavouring to be called upon by the Chairman to speak. In these Scots Estimates' discussions, and with a view to covering the maximum of local district interests, I have personally been for some years at considerable pains to organize a system of limited oratory whereby each speaker would voluntarily curtail himself to 15 minutes. Should he exceed that time he is liable to execration and to cries of "Time! Time!" from his colleagues. The Scots Estimates, therefore, or rather such of them as we are permitted to discuss at all, are examined exclusively by Scots members who, however, in the process are consuming the time of Imperial Parliament.

Now, were these Scots Estimates relegated to the Scots Grand Committee, we could have days where we at present have hours for the control of Scots business. We could examine grievances in all our Scots Departments of State, and our Grand Committee meetings, held as they are in the forenoons, would not conflict with the general sessions of Parliament, whose right to a final control over supply would always remain intact in the Appropriation votes—which can be challenged by any United Kingdom member in the Division Lobbies at the end of the Summer Session.

In the Estimates discussions it is a firmly observed rule that no private member can ever propose an increased charge for any service. He can criticize inadequacies. He can expose and denounce waste. He can suggest alternative methods of doing this, that, or the other thing. He can move and vote for a reduction in supply ; but proposals for increasing a monetary charge can only be made by Ministers of the Crown. Short of increasing charges, however, the powers of the Member of Parliament in Committee of Supply are very extensive. In the course of the discussions a member can throw a white light of publicity upon grievances, laxities of supervision, or waste of public money. In agriculture, for example, the member can deal with Deer Forests, with the plight of poultry farmers and the chaos in the marketing of their products, with the encroachment of bracken and the refusal of the Government to aid in the hand cutting of it, with the selection of suitable tenants for new small holdings (and there will be a vast trouble over that one of these fine days), with crofters' rating, and with hundreds of other agricultural problems peculiar to Scotland and of which the English M.P. has neither conception nor constituency interest. Similarly with Education, Public Health and Local Government, the Estimates touch the daily life of every section of the Scots people.

Fortunately there is precedent for our proposal that the Scots Grand Committee should be charged with a more effective control—and we are strong upon precedents at Westminster. In the year 1919 the then Coalition Government sent all the Estimates excepting the Estimates for the Army, Navy and Air Forces, to the appropriate Committees, and the Scots Grand

Committee got the Scots Estimates. Sir Gordon Hewart, now Lord Chief Justice, made the proposal on 18th February, 1919. On 6th August of the same year Mr. Bonar Law was asked by Mr. G. Murray, and again on 12th August he was asked by Sir Henry Cowan to continue the experiment so far as the Scots Estimates were concerned. But he declined to commit himself. On 1st December, upon being again urged by Mr. Locker Lampson, he replied that he was unable to make any statement, perhaps because some of the Committees other than the Scots Grand Committee had upon occasion been compelled to adjourn for want of a quorum. Mr. Campion, in his book, "Introduction of the Procedure of the House of Commons," Page 212, says that the reasons for the abandonment of the 1919 experiment "are not easy to trace in the Official Report;" but it may well be that it was suspended pending a report from the Speakers' Conference on Devolution in 1920 (*Cmd. 692*). This Conference, as Mr. Speaker Lowther finally reported, was "substantially agreed" upon Devolution, but it had split upon the composition of the proposed local legislative bodies for England, Scotland and Wales. And, in fact, nothing emerged from its labours. Since that date no proposals until now have been made for a repetition of the 1919 arrangements or for their development.

The Scots Grand Committee as an organ of government was first set up in 1894. It was improvised for the purpose of examining in detail the provisions of the Local Government Scotland Bill, and it did its work so competently and so well that in February, 1895, when Sir Charles Cameron, M.P., pressed for its continuance, the then Secretary for Scotland, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, in concurring, declared that the first suitable Bill relating solely to Scottish affairs would be sent to a special Committee of the Scots members for examination. But it was not until April, 1906, that Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, the then Prime Minister, agreed to the setting up of a permanent Scots Committee. The Standing Order (47, 2) of the House of Commons now authorizes the appointment of such a Committee for the consideration of all public Bills relating exclusively to Scotland. But not only such Bills may be sent to the Committee. "Other business" as well as Bills may be so referred to it. The composition of the Committee is decreed, in that

it is to be composed of all members for Scottish Constituencies together with not less than 10 nor more than 15 other members to be nominated in respect of any Bill by the Committee of Selection. One surmises that this latter proviso importing outsiders to the Committee was originally designed to ensure that any English or Welsh or Irish M.P. with a specialized knowledge upon a particular Bill would be enabled to sit upon the Committee if he were selected. On the other hand, it might well be that, when the regulation was framed, the Government of the day desired to add to its own voting strength during the Committee stages. In practice, however, the Committee of Selection nominates the ten or fifteen outsiders *pro rata*, based upon the strength of the various Parties in the House and it accepts from each Party the names of the English, Welsh or Irish members whom the Parties desire should be nominated to the Committee. But, when these outsiders are appointed, they rarely appear at the Committee meetings ; when they do appear they rarely speak. They are acutely conscious of the fact that they are outsiders. And while, of course, it is conceivable that there might be at Westminster a Government with a majority in the Commons though in a minority in the Scots constituencies, on a purely Scots Bill there is no case for weighting the Government majority in the Scots Grand Committee. A purely Scots Bill should be a matter for determination during the Committee stages by the Scots representatives, and by the Scots representatives alone. Should a Government ever be in a minority among Scots representatives it ought not to attempt legislation solely affecting Scotland and opposed to the wishes of her elected representatives.

But not only could the Scots Grand Committee take the Scots Estimates and the Committee stages of Scots Bills, there is no reason why it should not also take the Second Reading of Scots Bills, and if any measure were to emerge from the Committee after the Second Reading and Report stages in such a form as to cause the Government of the day—that is in effect the House of Commons—grave concern, the Bill could always be amended by majority vote in the House of Commons on the Report stage—or it could be destroyed outright on the Third Reading. The important point at the moment is to get the

Second Reading and the Committee stages on Scottish Bills discussed and voted upon by Scots representatives and by Scots representatives alone. In my view that is the immediately practical step and it would be one on the road to devolution and Home Rule ; moreover, it does not raise in the English mind difficulties and apprehensions which are clearly involved in any proposals for a separate Parliament. These apprehensions and difficulties, in my view, are much more imaginary than real ; nevertheless, they exist, and, until they are removed, the majority in both Houses of Parliament at Westminster is unlikely to permit any complete legislative severance in Scottish affairs. The Scot in Parliament may not be loved by the Englishman ; he may be tolerated as a sort of disagreeable and sometimes rather incomprehensible brother-in-law ; but the English will not evict him from Westminster. If and when he wants to run his own establishment at home he will only be allowed to go when the Englishman is thoroughly satisfied that the severance is, and to the extent that it is, in the economic and political interest of both Scotsmen and Englishmen.

In November, 1935, the St. Andrew's Society petitioned his late Majesty, the King, respecting such breaches of the Treaty of Union as are involved in the use of the word "English" instead of the word "British" in diplomatic correspondence, in the failure to fly the St. Andrew's flag, the emblem of Scotland, over the Scottish Office, and in the clear violation of a specific article in the Treaty of Union which provided that—"A Mint shall be continued in Scotland." But this petition upon being sent around the Whitehall Offices for comment was summarily rejected by the learned gentlemen who direct our heraldry and symbolism. They could see no sufficient reason for any departure from well-established practice. The Army Council declared itself unable to use the St. Andrew's cross upon regimental colours because, if you please—"the field would be wrong!" The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty declined to alter colours in the Royal Navy which had been in use for more than two centuries ; and the Master of the Mint reported with rather more than a suspicion of contemptuous levity that, so far as his Department was concerned, the bronze currency with the symbolic figure of Britannia had as "the original

model for this figure a Scottish lady." So that was that. And there were no answering volleys of protest. Barring a tepid leading article in our Edinburgh daily over the sad intransigence of officialdom at Whitehall, Scotland betrayed little interest and still less resentment at the treatment meted out to the St. Andrews Society's petition of remonstrance.

I would repeat—and it is the very marrow and essence of the matter—that Scotland will only be permitted to administer her own affairs by one of two methods—persuasion or compulsion of the dominant partner. As we cannot compel the dominant partner we must persuade him, and no more effective method of persuasion is within sight than the evolutionary method of using the Scots Grand Committee in the manner I have sought to outline.

One further word. On our Scots Estimates days why should not the Scots Grand Committee meet in Edinburgh? A concession to sentiment? Yes, but it is more than that. It is a step in good business, too, for with the Estimates threshed out in Edinburgh in the hearing of representatives from the Local Authorities and other interested persons there would be much expense saved to Local Government in the matter of Local Authority Deputations to London. There would be a widening of the area of popular criticism and control, and there would be added knowledge of and greater interest in the administration. The governors would be nearer the governed.

CAN LABOUR GOVERN ?

BY C. DELISLE BURNS

IS the Labour Party to be an alternative Government or a perpetual Opposition ? It seems to be agreed both by members of the Party and by its opponents that it ought to aim at being a Government ; but critics on the Left and the Right combine to treat it as a perpetual Opposition. On the Left, among its own members, the disgruntled high-brows would not be happy even in a heaven—or a guild-congress—of their own choosing. On the Right, the critics say, more in sorrow than in anger, that the Party is not the sort of Party they have been accustomed to see across the fence. In any case, clearly the present Parliamentary system can hardly survive if the Government of the day—of *any* day, is identified with the system of government, as it is in Dictatorships. The system of government in a Democracy is necessarily supported by a “united front” of opposing political Parties, each aiming at being the Government of the day. And that “united front” is more fundamental than any other ; for it rests upon certain common assumptions, shared by any Party in opposition and the Government to which it is opposed. Mr. Attlee, in his book on *The Labour Party in Perspective*, says that the Party “is resolved to preserve the essential fabric of the British system of government.” No opposition, unless it is content to be perpetually impotent, can undermine the System of which it hopes to secure the advantages by becoming some day the Government. And no Government can afford to misuse the system in which it obtained power so far as to convert opposition into revolution. The practical issue, therefore, is how to make an alternative Government, within the old system, out of a new political grouping. But, as a preliminary, it must be better understood than it seems to be at present that *to maintain the system of government in a democracy*

does not imply nor involve the maintenance of any particular social system. Indeed, if political democracy is a method of continuity instead of sudden innovations, it is also a method of change within that continuity. The social relations, for example, of "upper" and "lower" classes cannot be assumed to be acceptable to all political parties, even if they all agree in assuming the maintenance of such principles of the art of government as the use of free criticism of authorities, non-political justice and the rest. It is the system of government, not the social system, on which there is a "united front" in a democracy.

Within that system of government new political groupings are always arising. The growth of the Liberal Party in the nineteenth century was something new. It was not a mere survival of the Whigs. The growth of the Free Churches and of their influence on policy was also something new. And now we have the Labour Party—not a sudden creation, not a finished product, but a changing and growing force. It has become almost a national sport to brow-beat the Labour Party for not being what its critics would like. The more select critics abuse "the present leadership" of the Party and the Trade Unions, probably because they are elected by the majority. Election by any majority has its defects; and perhaps its critics would prefer that leaders should be selected, as books are for "the Left." Or perhaps there is a better method, used farther East, for selecting the culprits for execution. But here no attempt will be made to teach the Executive or the rank and file of the Party what to do. There is, indeed, enough written already, not only in Mr. Attlee's book, which gives us enthusiasm at a low temperature—better surely for a future Government than platform heat; but also in Mr. Cole's admirable *The Condition of Britain* and his less admirable *The People's Front*. And, besides, there are the recent *Declaration on Foreign Policy*, the draft *Agenda* for the Labour Party Conference and the "lessons for leaders" in the *Left News* and the *Tribune*. Here, therefore, it will be enough to study the actual situation of the Labour Party, from the point of view of what is probably the great majority in the rank-and-file of its members. From this point of view, then, no doubt

shared by some outside the Party—is the Labour Party now or is it likely soon to be an alternative Government?

At the risk of repeating commonplaces, it must first be asked where the Labour Party gets its force. The majority of journalists, and of those brought up in the older political controversies before the war, may not know where to look for the sources of that movement which has had its outward effect in 62,700 votes in 1900; nearly 2,250,000 in 1918; and about 8,300,000 in 1935. Obviously some of the new grouping is due to the dissolution of the Liberal Party. But the issues which divided Conservatives and Liberals in 1900 are less important, if not quite obsolete now. The main force of the Labour Party lies in the fact that it is only a section, and is felt by most of its members to be only a section, of something much wider and deeper-rooted—the organized Labour Movement. Everyone knows that. Other Parties have their connections in other social tendencies. But the Trade Union movement is more than a tendency; it is an organised system created not by theorists or intellectuals, but by the “trial and error” of manual workers. And the connection of the Trade Unions with the Labour Party is not simply financial.

The Conservative Government in 1927 tried to cripple the Labour Party by legislation about Trade Union funds; but they were misled. Critics are angry at the influence of the General Council of the T.U.C. But even that is not the real force in operation. There is a permeating current of feeling, a mental “set,” which operates throughout the whole rank-and-file of the Labour Party and comes from the rank-and-file of the Trade Unions. Again, anyone with any contacts among active members of the Co-operative Movement must know how that influence, whatever the “official” relations of the Co-operatives, flows into and adds force to the Labour Party. This is all commonplace. The difficulty is interpretation of what it means for the future; for Trade Unions are still believed by all journalists of the Right and by many manual workers in country places to be gangs for running strikes. If, however, one may base judgment, not upon alarm at the unknown nor even upon “social surveys,” but upon ordinary friendship with rank-and-file Trade Unionists, it would seem that they are not “specimens”

of an economic analysis, still less the "toiling masses" of the Third International, but only men and women who feel their solidarity with all who maintain society by their work and are proud of their work. Men and women cast out into the deserts of unemployment or continually harassed by the danger of such expulsion are naturally angry at the futile complacency of those who loudly assert that "confidence is restored" when the bankers are satisfied. But the workers' point of view is not based upon grievances. Some of us believe that Marx got it all wrong ; and no one has made any serious attempt to apply modern psychology to the problem—except, perhaps, in a limited way, Henri de Man. The workers' point-of-view, however, is clearly based upon the strength of mind of a person who knows that he "counts." In Eugene O'Neill's *Hairy Ape* the stoker on the ship says that he "belongs" and that the passengers don't : he is part of a going concern—and an essential part, however unrecognized. And the Trade Unionist feels himself to "belong," not merely as muscle or nerves, but as a conscious force claiming its place in direction and policy. That point of view is quite unintelligible to those in whose minds, perhaps unconsciously, the old slave-system survives, which assumes that workers are instruments for the use of the leisured classes. Good employers would be kind to their workers as gentlemen are kind to their horses ; but who would suppose that a horse could choose for itself ? The traditional assumptions, mostly unconscious, are not accepted by the Trade Unionist. There is a fundamental issue here ; but perhaps enough has been said to prevent too facile a judgment on what is happening in the growth of the Labour Movement.

Within the Labour Party there has always been an active group on the Left. The Party owes much to such vigorous critics and active workers as G. D. H. Cole and Professor Laski. They are worth more to the Party than thousands of passive voters. But the amount of force which they give to the whole Movement is not so great as the amount of notice they attract ; and they suffer from a common malady of clever people. As George Meredith wrote, "It is the mark of a fool to take everybody for a bigger fool than himself." Meantime "the present leadership" of the Labour Party and the Trade Unions may

be usefully criticized from the Left. That is what leaders are for—to canalize criticism ; we do not accept in this country the *Führerprinzip*—the infallibility of sleep-walkers or any other leaders. Indeed one difficulty about the “United Front” is that, after such unity, nobody would be allowed to criticize one leader—Stalin.

Even outside the Party, however, its critics are only too kind. They want the Party to have better leaders. In 1931 some “leaders” went away to join the Conservatives ; and in 1935 others went into the political wilderness of absolute pacifism. But the Labour Party “goes of itself” to an extent unknown in older Parties. The centre of its life is in about a hundred thousand unknown men and women, scattered about the country, without wealth or position, without any desire for public notice or individual powers. There is the “soul” of the Party. Mr. Attlee refers to this “soul” of the Party in his book (pp. 13 and 99) ; and these unknown men and women are important not only for maintaining the Party, in spite of the desertion of some leaders and the vagaries of others, but also for directing its force towards the attainment of office and power. Clearly, if the Party is to be recognized as an alternative Government, not only by its members, but also by its opponents and by the great mass of passive onlookers in politics, its leadership must change and develop a character suitable to a new political force. Its Front Bench in the House of Commons at present contains a large proportion of the type familiar in English political history. How far “the old school tie” ties up all England, is a large question ; but as a social phenomenon the present position is interesting. We have, in Great Britain, a standard of competence in the art of government ; and of that art, “politics” is only one—and that a small part. The platform competence of early propagandists is not adequate for other tasks in the art of government. If therefore the Labour Party is to be an alternative Government, it must have leaders who give the impression—not only to their own supporters—that they “know the ropes ;” and, in the art of government, “knowing the ropes” usually means knowing certain persons of what kind they are and what they are likely to do. There is a danger here of a sort of Club Snobbery such as infests the

Lobbies. The English turn every meeting-place into a Club—even a Church. But the English, and still more the Scots, do not want to hand over administration either to a "windbag" or to a "good companion." The older type of country-house politician is certainly not the only alternative. The Labour Party leader must be of a new type; and if the Party does not suppose that experience on a Trade Union Executive is an adequate training for the government of the British Commonwealth, it does believe that a fundamentally new outlook—the workers' outlook, not the economist's nor the business-man's—must be the basis for its leaders' attitude and action. That new kind of leadership is now in process of formation. It cannot in any case be found ready-made.

For the Labour Party the days of angry resentment are over. It cannot now base its policy upon grievances. It must rely now upon the claim of the workers to make their contribution of thought and feeling to the life of the nation and the civilized world. And, indeed, the process of moving from "redress of grievances" to a claim to contribute something new, is well-known in political history. It occurred not only in the Women's Suffrage movement but also in the history of the House of Commons itself. The Commons were once "outsiders," claiming redress of grievances as the price of co-operation; and they are now controlling the Executive. The same process is at work in the Labour Party; and it is already reflected not only in the criticism of its leaders, but also in the language they themselves use.

But, besides personalities, the prospect of a Party depend upon its policy. The statements of Labour Party policy are well enough known, although apparently not understood by those outside it and not always by all its own candidates. Words have different "colours" in different mental settings. We are at cross-purposes in the use of such words as "class" and "nation." It is said that the Labour Party is a "class" party; and so it is in one sense of the word. How long are we going to retain the obsolete belief that men and women vote as atomic individuals, calculating their gains from this or that item of policy? It is a false creed inherited from the rationalistic individualism of the eighteenth century. Clearly the basis o

the Labour Party vote is a "class" outlook, in so far as it is the mental "set" or tendency of those who work for a living. And if you do no work for what you live upon or if you admire those who do no work, then naturally your outlook is different. That, too, is a "class" outlook, in whatever social circles it is found. And as for the "nation," who thinks best of that—the man who thinks in terms of cash or he who thinks in terms of the blood and bone, not to say the spirit, of common folk? "A rationalization of an industry that suddenly leaves a whole mass of men sinking into the bog of permanent unemployment, cannot be very rational." No: that is not from a Labour Party pamphlet. It is in Mr. Priestley's *English Journey*. But we are now recovering from the economic abstractions of the nineteenth century; even though you will hear "practical" business-men still talking nonsense about not offending against the "law of supply and demand," or chanting mythology about a "favourable balance of Trade." The traditional economic abstractions make "Socialism" difficult of comprehension among the carefully "educated." And Labour Party policy is indeed "Socialism." But the programme of action—for example, the "nationalization" of the coal industry—can hardly be understood unless the assumptions underlying the programme are grasped. It is easy to prove what will not "pay." It is less easy to explain to the traditionally cultured what is meant by saying that the blood and bone of common folk is the greatest asset of the nation—not the enterprise of its business-men, nor the confidence of its bankers.

In foreign policy the Labour Party is obviously more honest in its opposition to war than the Conservatives; but by a trick of political legerdemain, the advocates of the League system are now indicted by the old associates of "muddling through" and well-known militarists of desiring to go to war. It is difficult for an opposition to play the part of an alternative Government, if it seems to be inconsistent. But if the Government of the day practises inconsistency as a policy, the Opposition is compelled to change its position from time to time. If your general in command of the front line is bent upon a continuous strategic retreat, it may sound bellicose to point out that he may have to fight later on in an even less advantageous position

and could at least blow up the bridges instead of helping the enemy over them. But the electors probably know well enough which side prefers war.

These, however, are transitory difficulties in the development of a new alternative Government. The more fundamental obstacles in the path of the Labour Party are two—a snobbery deeply seated in all circles in this country, and a lack of self-confidence. A certain amount of snobbery has been excreted by the Labour Party into “National Labour ;” but the blood is not pure yet! Snobbery in England is as common as the common cold. The sniffing which announces the presence of a knight or the approach of a duchess cannot be cured without a clearing of the atmosphere. And the concentration of the London fog of snobbery in the House of Lords may yet prove to extend its influence into the country at large ; for snobbery, in all social circles, is the greatest asset of the Conservative Party. But the cinema and the radio, cheap clothing and food are doing more to clear the air than any propaganda for Socialism ; and in clearer air, people see further. As for self-confidence—obviously no Party will gain the confidence of outsiders, which is necessary in a democracy—a confidence not in its programme, but in its competence to carry out *any* programme, unless it has confidence in itself. But the government of London and Glasgow and of other great cities has already been for some years in the hands of the Labour Party. That is a better ground for confidence than the “Macdonaldians” of 1924 or 1929 ; for everyone knows that it was 1929, and not 1931, which disheartened the rank and file of the Party. To make an alternative Government, however, out of a new and not a traditional political force, the popular tests of competence will have to be changed. It is one thing to be skilled in keeping the old show running. It is another to be able to build on a new foundation. In this country we have stores of skill in conservation, both in the civil service and in the tradition of public-school politicians. A difficulty arises, indeed, when cracks appear in the foundations ; but cracks can be patched. The Labour Party has the more difficult task of inducing not only its members but also others, to face graver problems than a policy of conservation can solve. Or rather it has to give to men and women, trembling for a

traditional civilization, with its base in a slave-system, some confidence in themselves. If earlier ages built temples and later ages replaced them by cathedrals, why should we do nothing but repairs? The abilities of common folk are hardly yet discovered. The good material going to waste in Durham and South Wales and the back-streets everywhere should tempt us to architecture of a nobler design. And "Labour," in one sense or another, is surely the basis upon which alone the new world can be established. The Labour Party is prepared to begin the building.

PARSONS' PLIGHT.

BY THE DEAN OF CHICHESTER.

IN England there are roughly speaking 13,000 parishes. In each of these there is a clergyman who in law and theory is charged with the care of the souls of all the inhabitants. What does he think about himself, and what do the people think about him? These are questions by no means easy to answer and any attempt to do so must have in it a large subjective element. Generalizations are as easy as they are dangerous. But certain facts do emerge which, if insufficient to form a complete picture, do at any rate reveal some features of the landscape.

In the first place it is plainly impossible for the 13,000 parish priests, even with the assistance of some 3,000 curates, to know personally the 38 million people committed to their charge. They cannot even know in any real sense the seventy per cent. of the population who are reckoned as members of the Church of England. The consequences of this situation are sufficiently serious to merit concentrated thought. It is inevitable that the knowledge of Christianity possessed by large sections of the population can only be derived from what they learn in the State schools. Without in any way decrying the value of that element in popular education, or the seriousness with which it is imparted, everyone who has dispassionately enquired into what happens must be convinced that the religion taught is hardly more than a smattering. It is, by law, moreover (so far as an increasing number of schools are concerned) divorced from the dogmatic basis which alone can give conviction to religion and from that fellowship with the Christian society, apart from which the religion of the New Testament is unattainable. The seriousness of the position is so apparent that efforts, wholly commendable, are now being made by various educational authorities to deepen and strengthen the form and content of

the religion taught in the schools. In some degree these initiatives mitigate the serious handicap to spiritual growth imposed by the legal requirement of a conception of religion that owes less to the Bible than to the "liberal" fantasies of the nineteenth century, and the jealousies of "Christian" minorities determined that, if their own peculiar tenets were not taught, those of all others should be equally excluded. The new spirit of co-operation is certainly to be welcomed. But the mischief has been done.

The result is that vast sections of the population have grown up without any firm hold on fundamental religious principles, just at a time when spiritual values are challenged by the claims of a science that seems to provide a complete and easily ascertainable view of life. As Sir Charles Grant Robertson has said,

"The present mechanistic framework of ordinary life is a continuous, subtle and cumulative argument for a mechanistic and materialistic interpretation of the universe. The so-called 'laws' of science are easily converted by the superficial mind—and the majority of minds are superficial—into 'Laws of Life.' An interpretation of life and of the universe based on spiritual 'laws,' forces and ends, is neither easily presented to, nor absorbed by, a generation accustomed to frame its values on what is susceptible to physical tests, works quickly and apparently produces a predictable result from a measurable cause."

These observations occur in a notable work on religion and the totalitarian State. As Sir Charles points out, they are not peculiar to the totalitarian State, but are phenomena to be observed in all polities. It is, however, noteworthy that they have provided the mental climate in which the totalitarian state has come naturally and easily to fruition. Deprived of the dogmas of religion, the natural man will invent other, lower—but certainly not less exigent—dogmas for himself. Mysticism will out, even in perverted forms. So true is it that man does not live by bread alone.

The chief difficulty of the parson now, as at all times, has been some prevailing popular illusion. The vulgar error of to-day has found an admirable exponent in Mr. H. G. Wells, who is indeed its greatest prophet. He summed it up when he told the British Association that we should exclude from education "the little region of Palestine," because "nothing began there (*sic*), nothing was worked out there." The majority of the parson's potential flock would be—as he

meant them to be—shocked by Mr. Wells's remark. But since they have but the very vaguest ideas of what it was that began in Palestine, their lot is even more unfortunate. Though they would deny it in theory, and though they are not quite happy about it, large sections of society have come in practice to treat what began in Palestine as irrelevant.

The parson, then, has to face a situation in which in many places only a small number of people attend his ministrations, and in which, at the same time, owing to their very number it is increasingly difficult for him to establish those personal relations with his parishioners outside church by which it might be possible to bring his message to them.

The parish priest's difficulty in making close contact with the general run of his parishioners is increased because many of the functions that he once performed have now been taken over by the State. The control of schools, the administration of relief, and generally the social services of which at one time the clergyman was the centre have been taken out of his hands. There is, of course, great gain in all this from the national standpoint, and indeed the priest is himself relieved of much serving of tables that once occupied a large part of his time. He is thus set free for the more proper spiritual work. The loss is considerable none the less, since it withdraws the clergyman from those activities which helped to give him a position of importance and influence. How different, for example, is the lot of a parish priest in Finland, who acts as the registrar of the whole parish, and is responsible—as an officer of the State—for a record that includes not only baptism, confirmation, and marriage, but scholastic achievements, places of work, and many other details. The Anglican clergyman often complains of the time that has to be spent in filling up forms though in fact it is not time wasted, nor need it be lengthy if he is businesslike and methodical. He would be horror-struck if he found himself confronted by the elaborate and carefully kept registers that are part of the furniture of a Finnish clergyman's office, a part, moreover, that may have something to do with the hold that the Church has on the people.

One of the most significant things in English life is the evidence it affords that social organizations designed to promote the good

life are apt to languish or degenerate where the influence of the clergyman is withdrawn, and the consciousness that without him something stimulating is missing accounts for the welcome that he receives. The belief in the League of Nations as a system for replacing strife by international order, which is so widespread in England, despite grievous disillusionment, owes much to the persistent efforts of Christian ministers—though it must be acknowledged that here the Free Churchmen have an honourable pre-eminence over their Anglican brethren. If the Anglican clergyman is not unpopular, it is in part due to the unspoken recognition that he performs a useful function in the life of the community at large. Dr. Hensley Henson, an acute observer, and, though a bishop, not at all prone to clerical prejudice, writes in a book *Ad Clerum*, recently published :

" I hold it to be beyond reasonable question that the hold of the parochial clergy on the trust and affection of their parishioners is remarkably strong. In spite of much belittling and unfriendly comment in the Press and in popular novels, the ordinary Englishman holds the parson in high regard, reposes trust in his integrity, takes for granted his unselfishness, and turns to him naturally in perplexity and trouble."

Nor is the parson often unworthy of this unconfessed homage.

But, when all is said and done, activities of a civic kind form the outer part of his field of work. In it he may gain a confidence which may lead some to a more specific interest in the main concern of religion, the upbuilding of the soul. If the clergyman must spread his net wide everything depends on what he does with any fish that come into it. If he must lengthen his cords, it is even more necessary that he strengthen his stakes. Though it is true that the clergyman is under a constant temptation to test the value of his work too much by the number of people that he is able to get into the particular building which is under his control, it is not less true that he is bound by the terms of his commission to believe that participation in Divine Worship is an essential element in the Christian life.

How does he find himself face to face with those who are in the narrower sense his own flock ? It is here that his real worth will be fully seen. But it is here also that the handicap of a surrounding secular atmosphere exercises its most restrictive influence. It shews itself most clearly in connexion with his office as teacher. The demand that sermons should be short is

widely made—or assumed. It is partly to be explained by the restlessness of modern life, which inhibits people from doing anything for very long at a time. But it may be suspected that it proceeds also from another source. The people—in their secret hearts—doubt whether the clergyman has very much to say to them. Ignorant themselves concerning the fundamental verities of religion, and unaware that Christianity has a world view resting on profound philosophical principles as well as established historical facts, they look rather for uplift or consolation than for instruction or illumination. They have heard so often that Christianity is a way of life, that they have ceased to ask the question whether it is a way that corresponds to the inescapable structure of the universe. There is nothing that is more quickly tiresome than unrelieved exhortation. The parson himself is aware of this, and is too often tempted to supply the spice that will elicit attention by a topicality which has no roots or urgency.

It must be admitted that the parson is in some degree himself responsible for the hidden assumption that he has nothing to teach. Partly influenced unconsciously by the mental atmosphere that he feels coming up to him from the pew, and partly by despair of saying anything worth while in twenty minutes, he is too apt to take refuge in stringing together unrelated remarks. The loss to the Church today owing to ineffective preaching is incalculable, as may easily be proved by conversation with friendly and well-disposed laymen and women. The truth is that the parson is more hypnotized than he need be by the supposed lack of interest in theology. Ignorance in this respect is profound and widespread. But the interest is there, and can be easily aroused by a man who knows what it is that he has to expound and can do it in a language intelligible to his hearers. There is indeed a hunger for something that the ordinary man can catch hold of, something that has rational consistency, moral power, and relevance to his actual life. One of the most intelligent and devoted laymen in the Church of England said to me recently,

"Why don't the clergy teach? It would be so easy to do, because the laity want so much to have something to get hold of. All the clergy need do is to get hold of some small manual of devotion and expound it in an intelligible way, and it will be eagerly received. I don't much care whether what they teach is absolutely correct. But let them teach something."

But if this is to be done, another illusion must be rejected, namely that people would rather be talked to familiarly, in an easy-going, jaunty way than have a reasoned appeal read to them. Careful attention to the "talks" given by the B.B.C. should dispel this illusion. The most effective of these talks are carefully, though, of course, simply, written. Not a word is wasted; every sentence tells. At the end of a quarter of an hour a definite impression is left on the mind, and food for thought, discussion and action is provided. The sentiments of Coleridge in his *Table Talk* express the judgment of many average intelligent people in an age more susceptible to argument than to oratory. "As things now are, I am quite sure I prefer going to church to a pastor who reads his discourse; for I never yet heard more than one preacher without book, who did not forget his argument in three minutes' time, and fall into vague unprofitable declamation, and generally very coarse declamation too. These preachers never progress; they eddy round and round. Sterility of mind follows their ministry."

If I may add a personal note, I should like to say that I am fully conscious of the difficulties of what we parsons have to do, and of my own inadequacy. But I am emboldened to make these observations because of my own experience. A dean in a cathedral of the old foundation has to spend much more of his time in listening to others preach than in preaching himself. He thus becomes aware of what strikes the listener and of the effect that is made. After eight years I have become increasingly certain that it is the well-thought-out written discourse expounding and applying articles of faith to the soul that gets home more than all the energy or volubility in the world.

But behind all the temporary and superficial difficulties with which we preachers have to contend there lies a profound defect for which we are not responsible. The unpleasant truth is that the Anglican clergy have not been for many years, and are not today, properly educated for the great task they have to perform. The pathetic English disbelief in the expert and confidence that the amateur will muddle through somehow have worked more havoc in the Church than they have done even in politics, and—with the state of the world as it is today—no severer indictment could be framed. The bishops are

conscious of it, and after the war they devised a plan which, it was hoped, would introduce some order into training for the ministry. They issued regulations requiring that all men should have had a three years university course, followed by two years at a theological college. It has been found impossible to adhere to the plan. Even where it has been successful the results have been disappointing, as they were bound to be, because they rested on two pathetic assumptions. One was that a man who has got a university degree is a man of general culture, which is notoriously untrue. University courses are designed by dons for the production of specialists. First-class men thrive ; the rest are quarter-educated, because they have no broad lines of study enabling them to understand the worlds of philosophy, history, literature and economics. The theological colleges are inadequately staffed because they are too small. Men come to them without the necessary foundation and all the efforts of the tutors have to be concentrated on getting their pupils through a General Ordination Examination of an elementary kind in two years, which leaves no time for facing the great intellectual and spiritual issues with which men will be confronted in their ministry. They have no proper time even to instruct them in the art and technique of preaching. The one thing that the colleges do really well is to teach the ordinand to say his prayers—a most essential qualification—but one that it is difficult to sustain without a strong theological foundation. It is inevitable, therefore, that men go from their theological college better equipped with slogans than with thought.

This is especially unfortunate since during the last generation the Catholic conception has taken great hold of the imagination of the younger men, because it appeals ostensibly to what is universal rather than to what is local or insular. It is the theological counterpart of the influences that make the young take up with Communism. Both appeal to generous instincts. But, unless accompanied by severe and disciplined thought, the only result will be delusion and disappointment. In the religious sphere the consequence is that a kind of Anglo-Catholicism is acquired which lacks any roots. There is no room for it either in the Church of England or in the Church of

Rome. It lacks just that embodiment of super-natural authority in a concrete Church that gives Latin and Greek Catholicism their strength. When attempts are made to introduce it into the ordinary English parish the consequences are disastrous, especially as its lack of rational structure has to be atoned for by a repellent dogmatism. The pity of it is that the religious instincts of mankind are turning more and more towards a Christianity which can be shewn to be universal in its scope and which expresses itself in solemn, sacramental, ordered, mystical worship.

The whole question of clerical training is now being considered by a commission set up by the Archbishops. It is to be feared that the Commission will fail through lack of courage to recognize the radical character of the overhaul of the educational system of the Church that is needed, if a real advance is to be made which will put Anglican theological training on a level with that demanded by the Roman Catholic Church and the Presbyterians, or the Lutherans and Reformed on the Continent.

There is no space here to do more than touch upon another aspect of the parson's difficulties. The Church of England is still reeling under the blow struck at the principle of order in religion when the House of Commons recklessly rejected the revised Prayer Book nine years ago. The Bishops countered the attack, when—with the support of the clergy in synods and in Convocation—they temperately but firmly declared that they would continue to regard what was in the 1928 book as legitimate and what was not covered by it as illegitimate. The Bishop of Chichester in his recent charge *Common Order in Christ's Church* has given a masterly exposition of the principles that must be observed, which deserves the very widest study. Unfortunately, since then the policy has not been applied consistently, through the inertia of some and the waywardness of others. The consequence is that the clergyman has lost his sense of direction in the conduct of public worship. The seriousness of the position is now being perceived. The Convocations are at work on a scheme for giving intelligible meaning to the oath of canonical obedience taken by every clergyman. At present no one knows what is the "lawful authority" that he promises to obey.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SOCIAL HEALTH.

BY GEORGE CATLIN.

THE world is suffering at the present time from excess of government. The voice of the bureaucrat is too much heard in the land. In America, thanks to a tradition of independence reinforced under Prohibition and to a disbelief in the plenary inspiration of governors, if more than a certain number of citizens dislike a law they break it, and risk the consequences. In Europe fear of war has produced an ear sensitive, not only to the good discipline which is the basis of social character, but to the bad regulationism.

The healthy, Churchly doctrine of tyrannicide has fallen out of favour everywhere save in Mr. Elmer Rice's plays, and in New Orleans—where a man called Weiss, a throat specialist, in shooting Huey Long, nourished, as Jefferson recommended, the tree of liberty with blood. Most of us do not, indeed, object to the “big shots” practising the morals of Machiavelli, provided that it is strictly a gang-war between heroes. Our need is to recover a hatred of tyrants; and a new conviction of the basic Anglo-Saxon right to put down the pride of jacks in office, wherever found. *Popolo; popolo; muoiano i tiranni!*

I do not wish to develop this theme. I regard both Nazis and Cominternists as comedians—although as very dangerous comedians, escaped from an asylum for homicidal maniacs. I do not deny that in private life there may be very idealistic gentlemen (or whatever is the Valhalla equivalent of a gentleman) among them, just like that saintly man, Torquemada. I cast no aspersion whatsoever on the ordinary, sober Russian and German citizen who, like even the worst of us, is sometimes the victim of his ideals. And I cast no aspersion on the hard-working and admirable officials of these countries, who are waiting their turn to be shot. There is really no profit at all in calling attention to unpleasant things when the unhappy men can do

othing about it. However, Dionysius of Halicarnassus was probably right in saying that we can learn from history.

Positively, what is required is a vigorous and militant revival of Radicalism. Or (phrased differently) of Humanism. The misfortune of its historic vehicle, the Liberal Party, was that it became a party of rich merchants, supported in Britain by Manchester, the national minorities and the Nonconformist Conscience, and incapable of grasping the fact that substantial liberty depends upon economic security. The free will and choice of the voter, which Liberalism basically supposes, is not available where the difference of economic status is such that there is no genuine freedom of contract—the rich man has the power, and the worker begs, if not for bread, then for butter. Ultimate economic advantage, at an election, must be sacrificed to the chance that the factories will reopen if the "right candidate" wins. If the concept of a free democracy is to be rounded out, however, it must include an economic aspect where, in a co-responsible society, the worker must be recognized to have a property right in his job, as much as the investor has in the management of his shares. This has recently been judicially recognized in Pennsylvania. We need to translate three acres and a cow into contemporary terms—the terms of industrial society.

But—and here is the dilemma—how are we to reconcile this Free State and the Expert State? It can, I suggest, be stated with confidence that the mass today prefers economic security, to be secured at need by some elaborate plan, rather than personal freedom to be unemployed. It may be, in fact, true—the Roman Empire bears it out—that, ultimately, economic freedom rests upon political freedom. But that is not an immediate or easy lesson for popular understanding. And the would-be tyrant is usually a man of the people. The far from entirely factitious, the very real, popularity with the common elector of Huey Long in Louisiana is significant. He "did things."

II.

The demand for a political science, a systematic sociology, is not simply an academic delusion. All readers of Mr. H. G.

Wells know how that great Encyclopædist has insisted upon the need in book after book. Mr. Shaw, more sensationaly, goes to the length of saying that this is "the science by which alone civilization can be saved." Dean Inge, who will scarcely be accused of liberal "vieweyness," in speaking to members of the medical profession deplored that there was as yet no adequate social hygiene, whereas there ought to be, not only this, but also a hygiene of society.

It is really not enough merely to brush aside Fascists and Communists as crazed comedians. Their material achievements may not always have been sound, or so efficient as have been pretended ; their doctrines may have been dangerous bombast ; but at least their achievements were spectacular—they, in fact, impressed. The patent medicines were well advertised. Let us go further : Dnieproges and the Pontine Marsh reclamation, although not as fine as the Tennessee experiment, are actually massive pieces of work—perhaps rather too like the Pyramids in genre, but massive work. It would be a wise precautionary measure to correct all this druggist's salesmanship by a genuine political physiology. And it is entirely in accord with the genius of Humanism that this should be undertaken.

Mr. Shaw writes, in *Man and Superman* :

" We must either breed political capacity or be ruined by Democracy, which was forced on us by the failure of the older alternatives. Yet, if Despotism failed only for want of a capable benevolent despot, what chance has Democracy, which requires a whole population of capable voters : that is, of political critics who, if they cannot govern in person for lack of spare energy or specific talent for administration, can at least recognize and appreciate capacity and benevolence in others, and so govern through capably benevolent representatives ? Where are such voters to be found today ? Nowhere."

Mr. Shaw has the advantage of being an Irishman, a Socialist idol (the writer found his name a household word in Russia where that of the Webbs was unknown), and member of the Praesidium of the Second International Writers' Conference at Valencia, in 1937. Otherwise one would be inclined to describe the above passage as too superior—superman, all too superman. It yet happens to be perfectly true. If democracy repudiates that rational and scientific guidance which is founded on discussion, experiment, assessment of evidence and knowledge, it will soon find that it is taking the guidance of those who claim a superior

inspiration, and whose Holy Ghost manifests its claims by working miracles on doubters by the aid of the gummi-stick and of the spade of those who dig in Siberian canals. The spirit that wells in the sombre tabernacles of black Gestapo and red Ogpu tolerates no empty speculations, disruptive deviations and liberal inefficiencies. It is dangerous to be caught "trespassing near the Marx-Lenin line with intent to deviate."

Democrats, further, must admit that the ordinary elector cannot pretend to be equipped to "assess evidence" as mentioned above. It is no good blustering. As Anatole France sagely remarked, if fifty million people say a foolish thing it is still a foolish thing.

There is no field in which the ordinary man (no longer guided by a Catholic hierarchy, expert and trained after its lights)—the ordinary Anglo-Saxon—is more likely to go astray than in what he believes to be the field of morals. If ever, the plain judgment of the plain man—the obligation to burn witches in the seventeenth century, and to thrash lunatics in the eighteenth—here appears decisive: the moral intuition is decisive which, F. H. Bradley tells us, in a passage which contains more than usual waddle, must not be "sophisticated" by "seeing different views," but of which the glory is to be "narrow." As Lord Macaulay writes, in his essay on Byron :

"We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality . . . Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice . . . At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heart-broken. And our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more."

The outstanding instance of the Anglo-Saxon goodwill which can always be stirred to choleric indignation by a skilful appeal to its morality, is what Mr. Hoover cautiously called "the noble experiment" of Prohibition, in America (including parts of Canada).

These vagaries, which we shall doubtless go on repeating in new guises, although conspicuous, are probably neither particularly significant nor particularly harmful. They merely indicate spasmodic, untutored belief that, not Nature (or a hygiene following natural law), but the rod is the best physician—an activity of the social mind which the sociologist, Durkheim,

calls an instinctive social reflex, like the salivation of Pavlov's dogs.

There are more dangerous places where popular emotion (and the emotion of the clubmen is often strangely similar to that of the 'pubmen) may marry popular ignorance. A century ago, our leading English professional moralist, T. H. Green, laid down that one major cause of the distressed condition of the poor was immoral lack of sense for family responsibility, including the improvident indulgence in large families. He was very indignant about it. Today (for no reason connected with new moral insight, but for statistical reasons that show that the good people of Britain took his advice) there is imminent risk of a vigorous campaign—on the highest moral principles—against the wickedness of those who do *not* have large families. We must all start our children on the baby race against Mussolini and Hirota. The modern firing line is biological : the battle front is the birth-rate. Can my baby bomb your baby ?

The matter, of course, is not so simple as that. Every people—the Welsh, the Montenegrin, the Basque—desires to maintain, to propagate, its own distinctive culture ; to affirm that all are equal and indeed some much better. The actual facts about population rates are, in the case of many countries, inadequately known. (Britain had no census until a century ago owing to the curse by Jehovah on King David.) The interpretation of the figures, where reliable, is a matter for most patent and trained study—still more so, any final assessment. Infant death-rate ; emigration ; whether (as Russia seems to shew) social security and a relaxed family morality, or individual bounties and sterner insistence on the family as basis, means population increase—all these things require, not only meticulous investigation, but a long scientific training in that social detachment which the Marxists hold anyhow to be impossible.

The effect of diet on health ; the social possibilities of preventive medicine ; the economics of a national minimum and of holidays with pay (and their eugenic aspects) ; the possibilities of colonial economic planning ; social mobility, the relation of clothing and speech to class mobility ; the effect of radio upon education and upon Anglo-Saxon, or international, integration ; the psychology of motives leading to war—all these are matters

suitable for expert investigation and of incalculable practical consequence. Not least important is a preliminary investigation into the strength and weakness of existing Economic Advisory and Gosplanning Committees, which by now must have accumulated a valuable store of experience.

These investigations, socially recognized and carried through moderately and unobtrusively, would do, if not much, yet something to redeem Democracy from the reproach, frequent if superficial, that it is the apotheosis of Incompetence, the government of those who know least, by those who know little, for those who know something.

III.

The King of the Belgians, who has shown some inclination to take initiatives, announced, this July, his desire that a body should be created, "universal, permanent and independent," competent to conduct economic "investigations into the factors essential for a rational investigation of world economy." The King's letter continues :

"If we really wish to avert war and to bring back mankind to a more peaceful frame of mind, we must have the courage to tackle the economic question as a whole and find a solution for the great problems which now constitute a menace to humanity—the distribution of primary products, the distribution of the means of exchange, the international allocation of work, the balance between agriculture and industrialized countries, etc."

The practical bearing of this suggestion upon the most instant issues of peace and war inside Europe is too patent to require note.

The London *Times*, in commenting editorially on this letter, pointed out that such a body would, like the World Economic Conference of 1927, have "no lack of interesting subjects to discuss," but might well be as sterile as that ill-fated Conference of government-nominated *savants*. *The Times* continues :

"... Above all the danger must be avoided of allowing study and discussion to lead to any postponement of action where action is urgently needed and where agreement, even if not universal agreement, can be reached."

If the question be put whether such a Research Institute is likely to reach agreement appropriate for urgent action, I take it that the answer is "no."

Scientific work cannot be speeded up to fit in with a military schedule—or Kepler's laws discovered post-haste because they may save an empire. The converse, however, may be true, that if we have gone to work to attain and study the requisite scientific information (even in the chemistry of explosives, which is much more perfected than our alchemy of peace), *then* it will be possible to achieve certain practical results, which otherwise would be impossible. Sir William Beveridge has recently pointed out with force that the food supply of this country cannot be put upon a secure footing in case of war unless the Government takes decisions, which enable the appropriate investigations to be put in hand, at least a given number of months before it expects results.

There is a further difficulty. Supposing that an investigation were undertaken (as it may be undertaken) into the psychological causes of war, the respectability of *The Times* would be the first to be outraged by the suggestion that the investigation could be post-haste. Its able leader-writers would explain, with brilliant elegance, the immaturity of the science, the charlatany of psycho-analysis, the deep objection, and indeed inner contradiction, of imagining that the subjective can be objectively studied. They would indeed only stop short of the alternative—accepting the Marxist economic dogma about the causes of war. The truth is that, however desirable scientific results presto ! may be, these results are conditioned by the perfection, over long and apparently sterile preceding years, of the scientific instruments of research. That preparatory work I presume the King's Institute would be called upon to do.

The writer, without irrelevance or being any Captain Bobadil, may perhaps re-outline, as a local illustration, a scheme advanced by him in the appropriate quarters nine years ago (1928-29). It is a triple scheme of social research, economic and governmental—for three agencies, party, governmental and academic.

The need in Britain, therein pointed out, and not unperceived by Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberals, for Party Research Departments, quite distinct from departments of information and propaganda, has since been adequately filled by the re-organization of such departments in the Conservative and Labour Parties, and by such unofficial but politically "party" organizations as the New Fabian Research Bureau.

Quite distinct was the need for a Governmental body. If the politician must be advised on the facts so far as they bear on the announced or projected policy of a Party and advised by workers in sympathy with those aims, even more important is it that Ministers shall be advised on the facts by detached workers having access to official sources of information or able to exercise, at need, Royal Commission or American Senatorial powers of enquiry.

The obvious route is to appeal for information to existing sources in the Civil Service. The shortest route, however, is not necessarily the most satisfactory. The task of a civil servant is very emphatically to administer according to the Act; not to enquire into the sociological foundation upon which the Act was, or ought to have been, enacted. That, he feels,—at least, he can always use this as alibi—is Parliament's responsibility, not his. He has not been trained as a social research worker. And the further governmental activities penetrate into complex social or economic fields, the more this deficiency becomes apparent—the more it becomes clear that there is a real diversity of functions. The human appetite for power may make the Civil Servant reluctant to draw the obvious conclusion. He may thank his God (as I recall one official doing) that there are no research institutions to embarrass his way. He does not precisely welcome a colleague whose job is to investigate the "why?" as distinct from the "how?" I presume, however, that it is precisely considerations of this order which have induced the King of the Belgians *not* to suggest the International Labour Office as the appropriate location for his Institute. That judgment shews a sound comprehension of the real problem involved.

It may be said without offence that the present British Economic Advisory Council is not a singular success. Perhaps the Gosplan and Mr. Roosevelt's National Resources Board (which has issued admirable reports) have more of the stuff of life in them. The cause of the anaemia of the British experiment, all too hastily brought to the birth over a breakfast table by Mr. Macdonald, is not far to seek and lies in its constitution. It consisted of a top-heavy Council of weighty pundits, whose views in general everybody had known quite well for several

years, and an exiguous technical staff under the benevolent leadership of the late editor of the (now defunct) London *Nation*. The pundits were too great men to settle down like office-boys, investigate the facts and report on them. They construed their duties as involving expressions of opinion upon issues of policy. Moreover, they were such great men that busy politicians had to listen to them. It does not require much foresight to perceive that such a policy-recommending body was liable to come (as the German Economic Parliament came) into conflict with the political Parliament. If a Minister said, "I recommend this to the House, not as my Ministerial and responsible advice, but because our lord, the Voice of the Scientists, say that you must swallow it," what happens to the authority of Parliament? Or, again, the Civil Service might emerge out of jealousy into open hostility.

Actually, neither contingency had to be faced for a simple reason—the jealousy of the Cabinet. When Lord X met Mr. Y, the preceding divergence of their views was not allayed by the fact that the one appeared in his capacity as Chancellor of the Exchequer and the other as a nabob of the Economic Advisory Council. They differed just the same—with this distinction, that Lord X was the responsible Minister and the man who knew that he would be hanged, scientific advice on policy or no scientific advice, if things went wrong.

Was there a remedy? I suggest that there was. The constitution of the Roosevelt National Resources Board, which is not anaemic, indicates it. What was required was a great enlargement of the technical staff, solely concerned to report on facts and with full access to these facts as far as the Government could facilitate it, and the reduction of the superior Council to an occasional consultative body (which is indeed all that it ever became). Such a technical staff might substantially aid a Minister, even aid an harassed Departmental Chief; it could challenge no Minister's *amour propre*. It would not speak on matters of policy. Its sole injunction would be the Parthian one (healthy for Ministers) "to tell the truth," policy or no policy.

Is the conjunction of a Party Research organization, advising the politician, with a Governmental Research organization,

advising (shall we say?) the statesman, adequate? I suggest that it is not. In the United States, Mr. Herbert Hoover found it, as President, convenient to have a body (not open to the objection that it must reach an official conclusion agreeable to the Administration) which could conduct the, now famous, investigation into Social Trends. Actually, there is no reason to suppose that the committee of investigation into what at the moment was a delicate enough issue, was in fact subjected to any grave pressure. This committee was established by and under an academic body, the Social Science Research Council of America, itself a representative of a federation of seven nation-wide learned societies.

In Britain there has been talk of the establishment, *mutatis mutandis*, of an equivalent body. In 1930, a survey of social research in this country was undertaken under the auspices of the Halley Stewart Trust, with a view to ascertaining the extent of overlapping of research. Its conclusions favoured the establishment of a co-ordinating body, which might also serve to canalize the bequests of munificent donors into channels expertly considered to be most useful for the advancement of the social sciences. The name of Sir Josiah Stamp has been associated with the project for an Economic Research Council which, however, would leave the other disciplines, capable of enriching the dismal science, as uncared-for Cinderellas. Mr. John Buchan, now Lord Tweedsmuir, and Lord Astor displayed their customary lively interest in proposals likely to be of far-reaching benefit by fostering the idea of a Social Council.

There is, however, grave danger that the latter, if established, might degenerate into a superfluous variant of the already existing and admirable Council of Social Service. In brief, there is a risk, if this artificial and unwarranted division—inapplicable to practical life—is made between economics and anthropology, social biology or vital statistics, that the Economic Research Council will hand the people a stone, and the Social Council will hand them buns. An effective union can only be made if we have a clear conception of what we mean by sociology and the inter-relation of the social sciences, and if some kind of federative Social and Economic Research Council is established,

as it may be—with, say, the Duke of Windsor, in view of his known interests, as an appropriate first president.

At least it is important that a body should exist, available for consultation by the Government on issues of “long-distance” research, which has in itself an indisputable prestige, apart from any lent from official sources, and a professional reputation for truth which it will not lightly lose. It would not duplicate the work of the official Economic Advisory Council, as reconstituted, and patently it would not overlap that of the various Party Research Departments.

IV.

We have to be careful, assuredly, how we use the word “efficiency”. Despite Mr. Shaw, it really is relevant to ask, “efficient for what?” The means condition the ends : social justice in Chicago will not be concretely the same as social justice in Patagonia. Problems alike of car-parking and of “scab” unions, of excess production and of “unemployment amid plenty,” do not arise in Patagonia. Efficiency, however, divorced from a notion of equity between man and man, is another name for the Servile State. Kheops was magnificently efficient when he built the great Pyramid. Kheops the Immortal, I do not doubt, was a far greater man dead than the living tomb-thieving refuse who broke up his body and rifled his treasures. But the symbol, I trust, of the New Age is not the Great Pyramid.

There is, however, no advantage that I can see in treasuring a mistake for its own sake or just in order to “be a character” or in preserving inefficiency as such. Further, the military argument for efficiency, although perhaps the most suspect of all known arguments for being rational, despite Darwin, is indubitably cogent today. There is knowledge available, relevant on the most important issues to the conduct of our public affairs. But it has to be searched for by trained minds who cannot be assembled, like Ford cars, overnight and whose preliminary enquiries, like those of Hertz and Marconi, may be abracadabra to the ordinary politician or to the Joneses who keep the shop in the next street. There is further truth not yet available, owing to lack of a fit scientific technique—truth not

yet converted into human knowledge, but capable of apprehension if and when we have the agencies ready. The establishment of those agencies require vision, money and faith.

The demand of the common man that he shall be guaranteed that minimum of economic security (in return for willingness to work) alone consistent with citizen decency requires, unless we are to abolish a competition found desirable even in Russia, economic adjustments of infinite delicacy. We have to rebuild the railway station while keeping the trains still running. We do not desire to turn this country into a Lyons State Tea Shop ; but we do require that the honest man who is not able, metaphorically speaking, to pay more than 2d. for his cup of tea, shall be able to get it. That will not be done without the organization of relevant intelligence—not only in the teaching University, but in the Institute for the Advancement of Science. Ideas not only should, but *do*, govern the world. The trouble is that, unless systematically checked, they will be those of Cagliostro and Mesmer, not those of Bacon and Bentham.

In conclusion, a warning. If certain eminent biologists and psychologists be right, intelligence (of which intellect is the *de luxe* variant) was evolved in order to enable living things to overcome obstacles. The well-adapted, euphoric and perfect condition of animal life would involve no obstacles, a Nirvana ; and—save as a needless, playful vestige, not even epiphenomenal—no intelligence. It was Lord Balfour who philosophically explained to us (as indeed others have done) that there is no law of automatic progress. Perhaps, biologically, there is even another law : that of tendency to inertia or, more briefly, a law of automatic reaction. Our civilization, our culture, are indeed natural under specific conditions and for specific groups, as the pearlting of grit is natural to the oyster. But these conditions themselves are adventitious. Certainly the enterprise of civilization, apart from some general compulsive urge, such as the plague is to medical science, is artificial, an act of spirit contrary to one great principle of nature. If we think that men welcome the mood of experiment (incomparably precious to civilization although it may be) we deceive ourselves, as the gruesome history of Dr. Semmelweis, recently recorded by M. Céline, shews.

Such discoveries as, for example, Colonel Lindbergh's artificial

heart, the possibility of keeping alive indefinitely parts, perhaps the whole, of the human body, have in them latent consequences for humanity far greater than all the work of the sweating politicians. Perhaps Messrs. Madge & Harisson's piece of work, in the best Wells' manner, on mass observation, whereby they trap, by the bait of curiosity, humanity into the essentially distasteful work of objective study of itself, has also great possibilities. Certainly there is nothing that the natural man finds more irksome than the proper study of man, unless he is permitted to indulge his limitless self-pity or his pleasurable passions.

Whether, however, these discoveries will be encouraged or repressed will depend upon the licence and collaboration of politicians. Civilization, as Rousseau shewed once for all, is not congenial to the instinctive man, who distrusts its discipline. If it is valuable, its defences must be safeguarded deliberately and its advance organized by institutions of those who know . . . at least, like true scientists, how little they know. Their groping knowledge may be more full of gold than all the treasuries of our political astrologers.

JAPAN AND HONGKONG

BY R. T. BARRETT.

JAPAN is carrying war into South China. This is the British sphere, and the assurances of those who lauded Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia yesterday, and are backing Japanese Imperialism today, have been falsified. "Give Japan a free hand in the North and she will pacify China with the iron rod. She will respect our interests in the South and she will fight our battle against Bolshevism ?" Such is the argument, but these prophets know nothing of the Japanese spirit. The children of the Rising Sun regard us as we regarded Spain in the eighteenth century. In the eyes of this virile people we are a spent force, a nation too feeble to breed and afraid to fight. They have challenged us, and in the struggle for markets in China victory, so far, has been theirs. Britain's trade in cotton goods has fallen from twenty million dollars in 1932 to 2.8 in 1935 and in woollens from five millions in 1933 to 1.5 in 1935. Even in machinery, where British skill and tradition should lead the field, the decrease has been from 12 millions in 1931 to 7.8 in 1935. These are official figures from the Chinese Year Book of 1936, and no doubt Japanese statistics are even more flattering to national pride. Seen through Japanese eyes the tale of our retreat is a long one. Britain surrendered her concessions at Hankow and in the other Yangtsze towns ; she has truckled to the Nanking Government ; she has accepted the Chinese tariff barriers, whereas Japan has battered them with her smuggling organizations, and is as proud of this achievement as Britain once was of her activities on the Spanish Main. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Lloyd Triestino and the Norddeutscher Lloyd have butted in on British shipping until her lines are whining for subsidies. Where she is challenged, in Japan's view, Britain yields.

One prize of incomparable value and splendour remains to

Great Britain in the Far East, and Japan regards it with envy and wonders if that, too, would be surrendered on demand. This is the Colony of Hongkong, the commercial and strategic key to South China, a lighthouse of British culture and the most beautiful city east of Singapore. Hongkong is a rocky island off the coast of China. With a strip of mainland, leased to Britain in 1897, it encloses a harbour rather larger than Spithead. Under the shadow of mountains rising to a height of 2,000 feet a mighty town has arisen stretching along seven miles of sea front. It has pushed out into the water on big reclamations and it mounts the foothills of the main range. Above the town the slopes are wooded and, set amid groves of trees, are gracious mansions. Some are perched on mountain crags and rise clear against the sky-line. This town, Victoria, has nearly a million inhabitants, and, over the other side of the harbour, is the new city of Kowloon, as big as Newcastle.

Besides the island of Hongkong the Colony includes about 300 miles of Chinese mainland and several desolate islands at the western end of the harbour, a total of 340 square miles, or about the size of a small English county. The Island commands the mouth of the Pearl River, a wide estuary into which three broad streams, forming the trade arteries of Kwangtung and Kwangsi (with an area about that of Germany) find the sea. These rivers are shallow and Hongkong is the deep-sea port where junks and light draught steamers tranship cargoes to and from ocean-going ships of all nationalities. Kowloon is also linked to Canton, seventy miles up the Pearl River, by railway and is thus the terminus of a line leading into country rich in undeveloped minerals and of great agricultural wealth.

Hongkong's facilities are open to the world. She is a free port, she welcomes men of all races and shows discrimination to none. Her prosperity depends not on local industries, which have been badly hit by Chinese protective duties, but on her place as the trade entrepôt of South China and the secure base where goods can be stored and trade operations conducted with the interior.

Strategically, Hongkong is the citadel not only of the British Empire's, but of Europe's position in the Far East. Apart from Hongkong, European peoples have no sure footing in China, now

that Shanghai has been left defenceless against Japanese raiders for the second time in five years. Hongkong guards the approaches to Canton and the waterways along which an invader of South China must advance; it stands on the flank of any attack southward on Hainan Island, French Indo-China, Siam, Singapore or the Dutch East Indies. The two larger shipyards have docks capable of taking capital ships, there is a naval dockyard and there are other firms able to repair smaller craft. Powerful batteries protect the harbour entrances and command the sea approaches for many miles; on the mainland the hilly frontiers have been made a nest of field fortifications, and there are no roads in adjacent Chinese territory over which a hostile force of any size could advance. The railway to Canton is vulnerable, owing to its many bridges, and would not long remain in action in the event of hostilities.

Despite these advantages the problem of defending Hongkong against major operations is one of the gravest difficulty. Admiral A. T. Mahan, in his classic work *Marine Strategy* lays down three essentials for a naval base. (1) Strategic position. (2) Defensibility. (3) A hinterland from which supplies can be drawn. Hongkong is deficient in both the second and third qualities, and, in view of the Colony's vital importance, the question of its defence calls for searching and realistic consideration. In a world of armaments Japan has as much right to threaten and mask Hongkong as we have to fortify it and to equip it as a raiding base against Japanese commerce and sea power. Japan's major piece in this section of the strategic chessboard is the Island of Formosa. The great military base of Takao, in the south of the Island, is only 400 miles from Hongkong, or about three flying hours. But the real Achilles heel of the British Colony is easily overlooked by those who have to base their plans on maps and reports upon tactical points. The towns of Victoria and Kowloon have densely packed areas. In the Chinese quarters tenement houses four and five stories high are divided by narrow streets and back on each other with only scavenging lanes between. These buildings are human warrens, each floor being sub-divided into cubicles in many of which a whole family lives. Even cautious official reports admit a population of 1,800 to the acre in the western

area of Victoria. Wedged between hills and sea, with no trees and few open spaces, these great towns offer an ideal target to aerial bombardment. Not only the Chinese quarters, but the great buildings of the Central District, the shipyards, the warehouses and all that goes to make Hongkong's place in the world would be at the mercy of the attacker. The fortifications are miles away, and an offensive by hundreds of aeroplanes has to be envisaged. The tragedy of an aerial bombardment would be beyond anything similar imagined for London. More than a million Chinese, confident in British protection, are huddled in these towns. Fire and crashing masonry, mob panic and poison gas in streets ideal for holding fumes would drive thousands to death in the sea. There is a criminal underworld of up-country pirates, brigands and thugs, normally held in check by one of the strongest police organizations in the world, but under such a crisis they would quickly coalesce into bands, they would be joined by the rougher coolie element living on the borderland of starvation, and pillage would complete the devastation.

It has been suggested, though not in responsible quarters, that the whole Chinese population would be evacuated in the event of war. This will not bear serious investigation. There are only three roads from Kowloon to the Chinese frontier twenty miles distant, and there they stop. Those who have seen columns of baggage-laden refugees on the march know that their progress is slow. Junks and steamers would help, but to get nearly a million people, including children and aged persons, embarked in the few hours that elapse between warning and attack in modern times, is not a practical proposition. Moreover, such an evacuation would be resolutely opposed, for without its civilian population to protect and to feed Hongkong could be held as Gallipoli was held. The defence of Hongkong cannot be based on the assumption that the Chinese population need not be defended, or there may be a massacre of innocent people that would see the end of British prestige, not in China only but throughout the world. Hongkong must either be defended adequately or, in the event of serious attack, the armed forces must withdraw to Singapore, leaving its ultimate fate to be decided by the upshot of the struggle. The danger is that

difficulties, which can be only appreciated by those who know the Colony, may be overlooked by those responsible for defence schemes originated in Whitehall.

Hongkong is more than Britain's concern. Without it the rice fields and the tropical plantations of Indo-China have no advanced bulwark, Siam would be equally weakened, and the Dutch East Indies left an easier prey than at present. Already Japan has taken steps to mask Hongkong. The seizure of the Pratas Islands, 170 miles south east of Hongkong, can have no other object. The Pratas are little more than a line of low-lying reefs enclosing a lagoon eight miles in diameter, and, according to the Admiralty chart, this strip of water is studded with shoals and rocks. The channel of approach is only deep enough for ships of fifteen feet draught. The place has no commercial value, being visited part of the year by a few fishermen, but its possibilities as a submarine, destroyer and seaplane base need no amplification. It will be interesting to see if Japan will seek to retain this group and if Britain will acquiesce in the planting of a hornet's nest on her doorstep.

Japan will certainly not overlook the Island of Hainan, to the south of Hongkong and off the coast where the Indo-China frontier meets that of China. About half the size of Ireland, it has mineral wealth and is rich in the tropical products which Japan lacks. Furthermore, it presents a pistol-head at both the French and the British Colonies. Recent plans for its development are said to have British and American support, but the Chinese Government omitted to ask Japan to co-operate. If the lonely Pratas, whose chief function has been to give Hongkong warning of approaching typhoons, are worth occupation, Hainan can hardly hope to escape in Japan's present mood.

Will Britain accept the challenge, military and commercial, or will she tamely retreat from China, as Imperial Rome withdrew, first from the Euphrates and then from one frontier after the other? Honest and courageous facing of the issue is needed, not patriotic platitudes. Can we compete against the low-wage industry of Japan, of Russia and of China herself? Is it better to leave the Far Eastern world to the Chinese and Japanese, letting them settle their disputes in their own way?

Do our trade records of the past years and the prospect for the future warrant heavy expenditure on Hongkong defence ? Would it not be better to spend the money either on the fleet or at Singapore, the gateway to India ? Would a victorious China be more friendly to British enterprise than Japan ?

These are the problems to be faced and no superficial verdict, founded upon either sentimentality or prejudice, can be passed. Too many lives may be at stake and even the future of the Far East, for Hongkong is our last stronghold there.

The Chinese feel no hostility towards Hongkong. Too many have taken refuge there. 'One day it will come back to us,' they will say quietly, after polite praise of its beauty and good government, the fair deal given to all who enjoy its hospitality and the kindness of its officials.

Deep down in his heart he will be thinking : 'Our civilization may be humble and our standards of comfort low. What we evolved so long ago will endure. We have seen great nations come and go ; Greece and Rome, the great Mongols and the Portuguese adventurers. They excelled us, but their achievements held the germs of decay. This scientific age of Europe has the same instability. We will take their cars and their radios, and, because we must, we will buy their guns and their aeroplanes, but their turmoil will pass.'

To Japan, a nation of artists as well as soldiers, the beauty of Hongkong is a disturbance and an urge. Taimoshan, its crest swathed in mist, on a day of silken clouds and fleeting sunshine, is like a Japanese painting. Their artists would also love the shoulder of hill above West Point, tangled with queer roofs, blurred by golden mist as the sunshine streams through the crimson sky above the silent island of Lantao. So a Japanese might muse : 'These British, who give all peoples an equal chance in Hongkong and let the trade and the power slip from their grasp, who have won vast Empire and would beguile us into accepting their conquests, but have no stomach for a fight ! That was not their way in the past. Have they become quietists like the Chinese ? Have the Chinese stolen from them their martial spirit to use for themselves?' If he lives in Hongkong he might also reflect : 'Here we are no great success. We have no big stores, our leading citizens take a modest place, we have

no part in the sport and the easy friendships among the other communities, British and Chinese, Indian and Portuguese. In Japan we are super-men, but here, under free competition, is it the same ? ' He might glance at the harbour for reassurance : ' Our *Chichibu Maru* compares well with the Canadian *Empress of Japan*, she is bigger than the P. & O. at the next wharf. There are seven, eight, nine Japanese ships in the harbour. More than any other flag.'

This is Hongkong. A prize worth having, but only to be held with a strong arm. Her people are calling for warships and forts, for batteries and R.A.F. squadrons, able, if the need should arise, to bring down flights of hostile bombers. In times of peace she must have traders who can hold their own by their enterprise and integrity ; she has got good administrators and the generous spirit that welcomes men of all races and bears no rancour for the past. She needs the consciousness that the Homeland knows of her, that industrialists will study the markets she serves, that scholars will appreciate her cultural achievements, and that the British people are determined to keep their heritage and show a bold front to any challenge.

THE CHALLENGE TO INTERNATIONAL LAW.

BY W. FRIEDMANN.

SO relentless is the logic of the events which, in the last two years, have undermined and destroyed one citadel of international order after the other that the present generation need not leave it to future historians to analyse them. There is perhaps no need to say again what the invasion of Abyssinia, the European war in Spain, the invasion of China mean in themselves. What is needed, however, is a clear conception of the connection between these events and of the conclusions which they force upon us as to the necessary foundations of any order of law that is meant to be effective and not merely a convenient cloak for hypocrisy or Macchiavellian cynicism.

The real issues of the day are no longer fought out at Geneva, but nearby at the Anti-Piracy conference of Powers interested in the Mediterranean, and there it is no longer a question of deciding on sanctions against aggressors. The task is to decide on measures against indiscriminate attacks, by ships responsible to no one (internationally) on peaceful shipping, regardless of life or property. Even a few years ago, such a contingency in Europe would have seemed fantastic to the worst pessimist.

Nothing reveals more glaringly the difference which two years have made to the aims and issues of international law.

The withdrawal of League sanctions in June, 1936, meant the end of a brief though significant phase when an attempt was made to introduce into inter-State relations certain limited principles of international justice and to outlaw war as an instrument of aggression (League Covenant) or even as an instrument of State policy altogether (Kellogg Pact). The latter-day blurring of the distinction between war and peace, by planned and wholesale acts of armed aggression, while officially peace and diplomatic relations are supposed to continue, destroys the

main body of customary international law, gradually built up during four or five centuries.

All these rules made provision for a state of war or a condition of neutrality. In the latter case, however, a state assumed certain rights and certain duties. Such a distinction was also important for another reason. War, especially after the Geneva and Hague Conventions (all, of course, still in force) was subject to definite rules of warfare designed to make war as humane as possible. And the guiding theme of these rules was the distinction between combatants and civil population. Now, between 1935 and 1937 (there is, of course, the previous example of the Japanese invasion of Manchukuo, 1931), defenceless villages have been destroyed in Abyssinia, farmers have been machine-gunned in Spain, cargo ships, Spanish and others are torpedoed or bombed at sight by "mystery submarines" or aircraft, blockades are declared. All this without there being a war according to international law.

During a period of transition, when a majority of States still wish to adhere to the traditional rules, no single State can quite openly profess to follow the path of unrestrained violence and anarchy, and those Powers which are adapting Macchiavellian principles to modern circumstances therefore choose, at least until victory is firmly established, to appear with a Janus-head. One face, appearing in diplomatic negotiations, non-intervention committees, etc., proclaims faith in international law and justice; the other, appearing in real action, relentlessly pursues the aim. When success is achieved the diplomatic mask can be doffed.

These are certainly unmistakable symptoms of disintegration of what is, still called the Family of Nations. But fully to understand the situation and to draw proper conclusions, it is necessary to examine the fundamental causes of such development. As I see it, the main causes are three in number :*

1. The collapse of common standards of civilization.
2. The rise of the totalitarian State in the economic, political and military field, and the corresponding eclipse of economic liberalism.
3. The change of the technique and aims of war through the industrialization of the world.

1. In the course of the last few centuries, and especially to-

* For a more detailed examination of the following points cf. my article in the *Contemporary Review* July, 1937, page 62.

wards the beginning of the twentieth century, all the States which formed the family of nations had achieved similar standards of State organization. They had armies and navies, for instance, and certain standards of justice. It was thus at least possible to negotiate on a common basis. There were, of course, numerous wars but they were not wars in the name of civilization. And at any rate international law was not coloured by such a claim.

On the whole, then, a State, properly organized, was a member of the family of nations, no matter how it conducted its internal social life. But that was so only because tacitly all the States had certain common features, namely, a definite sphere of government, economic liberalism, capitalism and, since the early nineteenth century, a steady trend towards democratic ideals.

2. The development of international law is almost parallel with the development of modern capitalism. When Grotius wrote, Dutch and English merchantmen were competing for the economic penetration of new continents, and at the time of the Hague conferences it was still an axiom that economic enterprise and trade was no concern of the State. The last war first led to an intrusion of the State into the field of trade and industry. After the war those States which were not too badly shattered tried to revert to economic liberalism, but it was never quite genuine again. In fascist and socialist States alike, State intervention extends now, in one form or another, to the control of international trade, either in the form of Government monopoly, as in Russia, or in the form of currency control and State subsidy combined with the planned control of export and import and military supervision as in Germany, Italy and Japan. The same applies to control of personal life. The neutral obligations of States do not prohibit individual citizens from "volunteering" with either belligerent. But there can be no volunteers coming from totalitarian States, as is already apparent in the Spanish war.

3. It is a tragic fact that, after long endeavours, the Hague and Geneva Conventions succeeded in codifying, to a large extent, the rules of conduct of war, just when the very basis of such codification, namely the conception of war as a game conducted by military forces according to certain rules, was being under-

mined in the Great War. The industrial revolution had not only modernized arms. It had changed the entire aspect of war, which now became the struggle of huge State organisations, conducted not only by battles, but by the fight for food, for raw materials, for industrial output, and consequently not only by armies and navies, but by the entire population. Hunger blockade by the Allies, submarine warfare by the Germans had the same aim ; to starve out the enemy. The distinction between contraband and non-contraband was practically eliminated by extending the list of contraband to practically everything, and neutral trade even with other neutral countries was paralysed, by applying the tests of continuous voyage and ultimate destination.

The guiding idea of the latest U.S. neutrality legislation is to keep the United States out of complications such as were caused by the sinking of the Lusitania, and that, if possible, without the sacrifice of non-contraband trade, but if necessary, even with such sacrifice. This is a very significant change.* Profit out of other people, and war is no longer an absolute ideal. The controversy is by no means at an end. At the present moment, there is still a heated struggle going on between the three currents of opinion, which stand for League ideals, isolationist policy and traditional neutrality.

The new American Neutrality Act is a result of developments which make the continuance of traditional neutrality policy, as reflected in the present law of neutrality, practically impossible. These developments, of the greatest significance for the future of international relations, must be briefly described.

A well-defined law of neutrality was a necessary and important part of an international law which recognized war as a lawful instrument of policy but subjected it to certain rules. Not only the advent of totalitarian warfare in an industrialized world, first apparent in the Great War, has shattered the traditional rules of neutrality. In this respect, it is conceivable that concerted action of major neutral Powers might counteract, to some extent, the tendency of belligerents to cut off all neutral trade with the enemy. In another respect, however, the attack

* Its practical value is lessened by the preservation of the old distinction between war material and other articles, unlikely to be accepted by modern belligerents.

upon neutrality is more fundamental, and this side of the matter can no longer be ignored. The rules of neutrality presuppose a neat division between the State sphere and the private sphere. As long as individuals are free to move and free to trade, these rules can work. But when citizens of a country are neither allowed to join the fighting forces of a belligerent or to supply him with goods (whether aeroplanes, oil, food or clothes) unless the Government allows or, indeed, demands them to do so, these rules become meaningless and misleading. In the matter of military support this is more easily understood, since, for reasons of efficiency, totalitarian States do not send out individuals to fight, but organized contingents. In the matter of supply of goods it is not quite so obvious, but equally important. Let us contrast the position in a country like Great Britain, with an economic and political structure still in tune, on the whole, with the traditional law of neutrality, and that in a country like Russia, where the State has control over all spheres of the community life. A British subject, in a war between Japan and China, may trade with both or neither or one of them. He may make his decision according to questions of risk, profit or political sympathies. His Government is not responsible for his decision or action. If it were alleged that British aeroplanes were sent to China, the Japanese could seize them as contraband, but there would be no question of a breach of neutrality. But Japan announces with indignation that Russia has sent aeroplanes to China. If the rules of neutrality apply, the Russian state has only stepped into the shoes of its former private merchants and is therefore free to supply what it likes nor is it compelled to supply both sides. Obviously, the flaw in this argument is that, as soon as a Government does exactly the same trade as an individual, the act of commerce does not remain just a trading adventure but becomes, at the same time, a political act. This applies not only to Russia. As far as war material is concerned, the same applies to Germany, to Italy—and to France (where the production of war material is nationalized). And should it not apply to Great Britain as well, where the export of certain war material is subject to licence? In the case of the Spanish Civil War, the non-totalitarian states expressly adjusted their legislation to that of the totalitarian

States, by making volunteering for either side illegal, and by prohibiting the export of war material. The same could be done in other cases, by similar collective measures. But these it is difficult enough to secure. On the other hand, it would be an intolerable situation if nations with State control of trade and industry were under stronger international obligations than the others. It would be a strange comment on the maxim of international law that a State is internationally free to choose its form of government.* I would make bold to suggest that at the present moment every civilized government can be made and is, in fact, responsible for the supply of war materials to belligerents. Recent international practice (*cf.* the Non-Intervention Pact) and the evolution of public opinion in all countries leave little doubt that a Government is always in a position to control the export of war material, whether it be in a capitalist, socialist or fascist state. Liberal government in the old sense definitely no longer exists. What does this imply? It implies that, with regard to war materials, neutrality can in future only mean complete embargo on export of war material by all neutral States, since the only alternative, supply of equal quantities to both sides, is wholly impracticable. This is the attitude adopted by the new American Neutrality Act, and, as far as it goes, i.e., leaving open the wider problem of other supplies (e.g., raw materials, which may be equally important) it seems simple enough. But the repercussions of such an adaptation of neutrality law to changes in the sphere of State control are certainly grave. It means that the nations with undeveloped industry (like China) are at the mercy of the highly industrialized nations (like Japan) in case of war, and that all the weak nations would have to seek the protection of a powerful industrial State (a potentially). Were the new neutrality of abstention to extend to other goods (which is scarcely likely so long as profits from war trade prove attractive) the balance might be restored to some extent, because nations with weak industry are mostly strong food producers, and *vice versa*. The initial advantage, however, of strong superiority in modern weapons, would probably still be decisive. Since the aggressor States in late years (and probably of necessity) have been strongly industrialized,

* A maxim now challenged by fascist states *cf.* below.

the outlook is appalling. But so is the alternative of a neutrality law which would not apply with equal force to all States. In view of the double challenge presented by the ruthlessness of modern warfare, but even more by the changes in State control just described, a return to traditional neutrality seems impossible. Between international justice, as vainly attempted by the League, and anarchy there is, today, hardly a middle path. The pre-war rules of international law were mostly framed for economic and political conditions which no longer exist. League principles are today not only a desirable, but the only logical alternative to chaos. But the failure of the League also shows that principles of international justice enforced by international action can only work between States united by similar standards of government and by similar conceptions on international society and such elementary values as life, liberty and property. Such a community did not exist among the members of the League.

The Spanish war, whether it be technically recognized as international war or not, is the first great conflict in modern history, where an internal social and political conflict runs parallel with an international conflict.

The collapse of League action in the Abyssinian war had destroyed, for all practical purposes, the whole superstructure of international justice and the devices for peaceful settlement and sanction which supported it. It was logical, therefore, that those States which, in Europe, were most interested in preserving the existing structure of international society, notably Great Britain and France, should revert to the weak, but more respectable system of customary international law, as outlined above. But while the totalitarian states, and in particular the Fascist states, Germany and Italy in Europe, and Japan in Asia, gladly accepted the abandonment of any international justice and corresponding action they were not prepared to revert to the former rules. The new ideology was used to formulate a new attitude to international law. Recent legal German literature shows a number of attempts to express the new policy in terms of law. Soviet Russia, it is demonstrated, is a state not entitled to be a member of the family of nations. Her existence is a criminal fact, because her only aim is the organized preparation of world revolution, by means of the

Komintern ; she is in a permanent state of aggression against the rest of the world ; consequently, any act of force against Russia, or, indeed, any other States which permit communist activity, is a legitimate act of defence; and in the Spanish war intervention on the side of the nationalists is justified as an act of defence against bolshevization.

This attitude, from the point of view of international law, is, of course, negative. Its only concern is justification of certain acts of war, no rules are suggested by which the intercourse between those nations which Fascism would recognize as worthy of being members of an international community should be governed. The main purpose of this theory is to destroy the restraining effect of what is contemptuously called the liberal-democratic international law, as it stands after the League of Nations has been eliminated. But there is a profound truth even in the destructive efforts of such doctrines. No rule of law can survive or withstand more than a certain amount of social tension. If the States cannot agree any longer about their conceptions of life, liberty, property—as they did, on the whole, up to the war—they cannot live under a common law. Fascist, socialist and democratic states, they all stand for different conceptions of human and social life, not only in the internal, but also in the international sphere, and since the existing international law is very largely based upon common standards in these matters, e.g., in regard to property or administration of justice, it cannot be strained beyond certain limits.

The Non-Intervention Pact constitutes, broadly speaking, a desperate attempt to compromise between the two antagonistic conceptions of international law, which are battling over the prostrate corpse of the League Covenant. The result was a new type of collective action which has, however, nothing to do with the type of collective action envisaged by the League Covenant.

What are the conclusions ?

1. The family of nations, based on the so-called Christian civilization, is in process of disintegration.
2. The League of Nations, as at present constituted, is a victim of this disintegration, while the idea underlying it is the only alternative to anarchy.

3. After the collapse of the League, customary international law could not simply revive, because (a) State control in peace and war has everywhere superseded economic liberalism, (b) the nations are drifting apart in their conceptions on life, liberty, property, and other fundamental values and (c) some States will no longer keep to any rules of the game, but introduce new principles of legitimacy in international affairs.

4. Apart from the possibility of a fight to extermination between several groups of States united by common interests and political ideology, a new international community can only be visualized with a wide measure of international control, jurisdiction, etc. But such a community is only possible where the partners are united by some homogeneity in the essential questions of political, economic, social life. In an evolutionary way, the only practical possibility would seem a partial start made by a group of nations united by similar conceptions on these questions and prepared to apply international control between themselves.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FORGERY.

BY STANLEY CASSON.

FORGERY, as a temporary or permanent pursuit is always interesting more from the point of view of the study of the forger's psychology than from that of his products.

I do not propose now to consider the simple case of forgery, where the forger sets himself the task of making as exact a replica as possible of known and accepted objects of value and importance. Here the forger merely has to be a technical expert, and his failure or success depends entirely on his ability. The forger of stamps, coins of existing currencies, passports, cheques and banknotes, belongs to the simple artisan class of the forgers' world. His life and doings are the direct concern of the police, and his career depends on the relative technical ability of himself to produce and of the police to detect. One or the other wins, usually the police, because of their superior technical equipment.

But the forger of works of art is working in a world where the police are helpless, a world which they naturally hesitate to enter. He must be detected by his prospective victims. If he succeeds in foisting his creations on to a victim, public law and order are not too seriously affected, for those who buy works of art are buying luxuries. The public feels more sorry than alarmed at their deception. The man in the street says 'That will teach you to collect works of art,' and goes his way. And so the forger of works of art leads a life less liable to the sudden interruptions of the police or the persistent enquiries of the crime-tracker than the common forger of coins and banknotes. And, unlike the common forger, the art-forgery cannot ever make replicas of known works of art. Even the forger of ancient coins rarely makes replicas, for so few ancient coins survive which were struck by the same die; and since all very rare coins which

are valuable enough to repeat as forgeries are known, the coiner of ancient coins dare not make an exact copy of a known piece. If he does, his issue will be immediately suspect.

The forger of a work of art has to produce a new creation, something which a known artist or the anonymous artist of a known school and period might have produced. And it is in his power of creation that he will give himself away. In actual fact few forgers have ever made new creations : their productions are almost always compilations from various sources. The forger of an Italian primitive will, because his creative genius is lacking, take piecemeal from the known works of a master and make a *pastiche* which, he thinks, will impress his prospective victim as something not hitherto known from the master's hand. And here the expert steps in and analyses the forgery into its component parts. Such has been the fate of many forgeries of paintings ; such also was the fate of the famous gold Tiara of Saitapharnes, which was analysed by the expert archæologists, (notably Furtwängler), into its component parts. Furtwängler even drew up a select bibliography of the illustrated books, from which he assumed that the maker of the tiara had drawn for the details of design of this very ornate masterpiece. When in due course the actual forger was found, he agreed that the books so assigned to him were in fact the illustrated sources from which he had drawn. Final detection working *a priori* could not have been more complete. It was a masterpiece of learned inference which was a greater masterpiece than the forgery.

But in that case the forger was invading a world of ancient art which was, even then, exceedingly well known. The clever forger will concern himself with a No Man's Land, if he can find one. As our knowledge of art increases we reach from time to time new regions which are not fully explored. When found first the art-historian investigates them with caution, and, as the discovery is made public, the public interest increases in proportion to the uncertainty of the field. As the new period of art is announced, so the forgeries appear. When Chinese art first became a preserve of the collector, the forger was almost as quickly in the field. In America, where the collectors of Maya art are numerous, the forger has had his harvest. When Greek archaic art began to be studied intensively, soon after

the War, forgeries became more numerous. Until adequate knowledge and material have made it possible to establish criteria of judgment the forger will always take advantage of the defenceless state of the study. If the forger is also a great artist he may actually attempt creations in the spirit of the age to which he is assigning his forgeries. Such a forger was the Italian Dossena, who produced lovely works of art. But his incursions into the realm of archaic Greek art were uniformly unsuccessful because he was not by nature an artist of that age. He was rather a lineal descendant of the late Renaissance, and his forgeries in the manner of Mino da Fiesole and the Dellarobbia are superb. Many museums were deceived by them.

Apart from the need for selecting an unknown period, forgery of works of art is limited by the nature of the materials used. Of the metals, bronze is the hardest to use in forgery because by the passage of time it acquires a patina which can rarely be imitated by artifice. Silver is almost as risky, for with age it crystallizes, and that crystallization can be detected under the microscope. Gold alone is unaffected by time and furnishes the ideal medium for the forger. The Tiara of Saitapharnes was of gold, and there was nothing about the material which hinted at the forger. I have recently seen several forgeries from Hungary and Rumania of helmets and other objects, made of solid gold of great weight, which pretended to belong to the age of the Dacians at a time when the emperor Trajan was invading Hungary and Rumania. Since almost nothing is known about the art and archæology of the Dacians the forger had chosen a No Man's Land and added strength to his forgery by using gold. In the forgery of coins also gold is the ideal medium, because the coin forged, in addition to being of the best medium for the forger, is also bound to be of the highest possible value in the coin market.

The forger whose main objective is Fame is an entrancing study. If he has no means or is at best in humble circumstances; if he has never been in a position to get that education which is the first prerequisite of recognition; if he is solely self-educated and at the same time ambitious, yet of integrity enough not to wish for simple gain as such, then to get that public attention and recognition which is the secret main-spring of his activities

he will turn to forgery without further consideration or reflection. It is only a few years since the learned world was startled by the strange case of the obscure Italian professor, craving for recognition, living in a provincial town, who suddenly announced the discovery of the manuscript of the lost chapters of Livy's History of Rome. The learned journals were agog, every Latinist was tingling with excitement. But, on being pressed, the poor professor could produce nothing at all, not even a forged manuscript. What is the truth of the story will never be known. But the setting was there which is always present when a frustrated scholar seeks for fame. Had the affair been true to type there would have been a forged manuscript. It was even suggested at the time that there was some such manuscript in the background which would ultimately be produced after the publicity had been concluded. Possibly that may be so, but it is the essential situation which is of such interest from the psychological point of view. Here was the scholar, up to that time unknown. Then the blaze of fame and the attention of the whole learned world fastened upon him. The professor may have had no means—indeed he was not rich enough to finance his own publications ; and so he took the only path to fame. If he had no wealth at least he had the force of academic position to support him, which counts, in our analysis, as much as actual wealth.

The case of the poor man, not in the academic world, not even fully or adequately educated, who seems to crave fame and public attention, is best illustrated by another fairly recent case—"L'affaire Glozel," perhaps the most famous of its kind. Here the setting was a small unknown Village in France really named Le Closet. As soon as fame came its way the village rapidly changed its name to "Glozel" for obvious reasons. The hero was the son of a farmer called Fradinet, a highly intelligent youth of sixteen. In the course of farm-work he let it be known that he had dug up in his father's fields remains of antiquity, among them tablets of clay inscribed with strange characters, pottery vessels and stone implements and quantities of fragments of glass. The local schoolmaster at once interested himself in the matter and visited the site. He talked at length with Fradinet *fils*, and lent him books on archæology which he

had borrowed from the nearest library. The finds at once increased in number and quality. The schoolmaster now, in a sense, joins Fradinet as a claimant for publicity and recognition. Indeed we can add also the father of the boy and the village as a whole. For fame was rapidly coming to Le Closet in a way which no one had anticipated. Thus, even if the father and the rest of the village knew or suspected the finds to be faked, they would probably, both out of local patriotism as well as of loyalty, seek to share those honours which were seen in the offing. As the finds were announced and illustrated in the papers, people flocked to the site. It was even suggested that the fields should be preserved as a National Monument. Here, it is obvious, came in the element of gain. But it arrived, I think, incidentally and was not the first motive of the fraud. Gain as a motive is always hard to evict from any elaborate fraud ; if it is not there at the outset it often arrives at the conclusion.

With general publicity came special investigation. The story is far too long and amusing to tell here. But the French Academy sent its representatives who investigated. What greater need of fame could young Fradinet or the obscure village hope for ? Closer investigation showed that the finds, if genuine, would prove that an entirely unknown mode of writing was in use in western Europe at a date when archæologists had told us with certainty that Europe as a whole was plunged in barbarism, and writing known only in Sumer and Egypt. Here was a claim for France to be the first instructor of Europe, and, automatically, the affair acquired a National importance. But the finds were puzzling, even on this hypothesis, for among stone and clay objects which should have belonged to the Neolithic Age were others which appeared to be Roman. One more cautious theory held that this was a deposit of objects made by a Gallo-Roman wizard for his nefarious trade. The inscribed tablets were, on this theory, the abracadabra of the magician. This, indeed, was a happy compromise, of a type more common on the Northern side of the Channel. But, in the end, even this less alarming conclusion vanished into smoke together with the more startling theory. Experienced excavators visited the site, dug in the field, found that objects had been inserted deliberately and fraudulently in the soil, came to a rapid conclusion that the

whole affair was fraudulent from start to finish, and washed their hands of it. The Glozel hoax was shown up by the aid of the exact knowledge of scientific excavation. You can fake almost anything except the stratification which has become consolidated by the passage of time and the action of nature. Insert anything into that, and your handiwork is as obvious to the expert as the fingerprints of the criminal on the mirror.

Glozel does not stand alone. In 1896 and the years following there was an almost precisely similar case of archæological deception in Scotland. A series of prehistoric sites were being excavated and examined on the banks of the river Clyde. The results were neither striking nor very novel. But after a time certain objects of the most unexpected type appeared. Implements and ornaments, shells decorated with rough human faces and a variety of odd finds were made which immediately created a stir of the first order in the learned world. The more cautious archæologists doubted the authenticity of the new finds. The excavators supported them. Literary gentlemen, among them Andrew Lang, achieved a quite praiseworthy enthusiasm for them. Lang even went so far as to find for them a variety of attractive parallels in the artefacts of the most primitive tribes of Australia—which was a most satisfactory discovery for Lang, but a trifle disconcerting for those Scots who admired the past history of Scotland ! Controversy raged in the learned world and in the press. But it was confined mostly to Scotland, for English archæologists, for the most part, were wholly sceptical. In the end it appeared that someone who had been present at all the three excavations where the strange objects were found, had been moved by the same strange contagion which stirred in Glozel the desire to attract attention and get the limelight. The final knock-out blow to the antiques themselves was given by an English archæologist, Boyd Dawkins, who after examining certain oyster-shells found on the sites, proved that they were American Blue Points, a species which has, as we know, only reached the Old World in the last three generations! Apparently one individual who was himself a man of education, had “salted” the sites on which he was himself employed!

Two other cases of the moral depravity of the learned occur to me which serve to illustrate this extraordinary

lust for fame. Imperceptibly it approximates to a lust for power as well. The first takes us back to the eighteenth century and, in the person of a completely learned and respectable French priest, the Abbé Fourmont, shows how the mind of an honourable man can be diseased by the lust of Fame. The Abbé was a traveller in the Aegean and in Greek lands. Like many of his predecessors he made notes of the antiquities and inscriptions of the places through which he passed. Arriving at the site of ancient Sparta, he discovered on the acropolis many inscriptions of Roman and Greco-Roman date. He copied them with the utmost care and accuracy and, on his return, communicated them to the learned societies, who in due course incorporated them in their volumes of Greek inscriptions recorded by travellers. *But*, the Abbé, after copying the inscriptions on the site of Sparta, took a sledge-hammer and deliberately, of malice aforethought, smashed to atoms the stone blocks on which the inscriptions were cut. Since he did this some of the fragments of his destruction have been found and the inscriptions re-pieced. The reader of this story will gasp! Why, he will ask, did the pious Abbé do this? The answer is really a simple one. The Abbé was determined that his own reputation should be safe. He knew, as a learned man, that, the moment the discoverer of a new manuscript or of a new inscription makes it public, his publication will be sternly criticized, sometimes maliciously, by those who envy him his discovery. It is the harsh experience which all learned men and all writers of books have to endure. But the Abbé was not having any. He made his copies (which incidentally were scholarly and good) and then said to himself "If I destroy the originals, no one can dispute my readings." And so with child-like simplicity he borrowed a sledge-hammer and wiped out the only source of information which could conceivably prove him to be a bad scholar. In other words, he did himself proud. And yet, of course, such a passion for Fame is pathological, and rather pathetic as well.

The Abbé has a companion in crime in another Frenchman, scholar and gentleman, Paul Louis Courier, whose spectacular career as a scholar began in the middle of the eighteenth century and ended abruptly by assassination in the early nineteenth.

In the year 1807, Courier, a scholar, whose character could best be drawn by Anatole France, was working quietly on the Classics in Italy. In examining manuscripts in the Laurentian Library in Florence, he made the astonishing discovery of a complete new chapter in the *Tale of Daphnis and Chloë*, in a manuscript of the text which has escaped general notice. He transcribed the new chapter with care and diligence and then, horror of horrors, upset a pot of indelible ink in such a way that it completely covered the new portion of the manuscript. This meant, that from that moment onwards Courier's copy of the new chapter was the sole authority for its existence. An immediate controversy of the most violent kind ensued. A pamphleteering campaign opened which lasted for years, and nobody found any solution. Courier, his French opponents and the Laurentian Librarian took part. The latter gave his side in a pamphlet entitled "On the Discovery and sudden loss of an unedited portion of the first book of the Pastoral by Longus" (*Della scoperta e subitanea perdita di una parte inedita del libro di Pastorali di Longo*) which appeared in 1810. The dispute about what came to be called "*La tache d'encre*" led nowhere. But then nobody had heard of the case of the Abbé Fourmont. Courier obviously falls into the same pathological class. He found the new chapter, furiously determined that his eyes and his alone should scan it and transcribe it, and so he did his dreadful deed. Many assumed that what he had discovered was nothing more nor less than a blank page in the manuscript, which he had covered with ink so as to hide the fact that there was nothing there : they assumed on this basis that the new chapter was a figment of his imagination. I am inclined to think that the chapter is really there. No one to the best of my knowledge has yet enquired at the Laurentian library since to see if a simple ultra-violet ray test will show what is beneath the ink. Courier must in any case have done his job thoroughly. As if to show how true his and the Abbé Fourmont's fears really were, the text which Courier published was at once assailed. Another scholar describes him as "ignorant of Greek grammar, careless of transcription, ignorant of the elementary rules of palæography and stupid." It was to escape such charges that he threw his ink, and that the

Abbé wielded his hammer. It availed Courier nothing, and his reputation has never been cleared. But a diverting task awaits the scholar who once more examines the manuscript by scientific means to see exactly what is there.

Our second class is to me at least the most interesting. The forger who forges solely for fame, whose moral character is otherwise without blemish. That is, indeed, a good case for the psychologist. In comparison the forger for gain and the forger for malice are small beer. But the latter is at least on occasions a humourist. Like the forger for Fame he usually neither seeks nor gets financial reward. He is rather the type of man who derives enjoyment from filling up the petrol-tank of another man's car with water. He is the slightly pathological mischief-monger. He is the practical-joker turned into a troublesome interferer with scientific pursuits. The most typical case of this kind that I know occurred not long ago in France. Local archæologists near Marseilles (where the antiquities are Greek and Roman as well as prehistoric) were examining the antiquities of a small island out at sea off the Riviera coast. To their amazement they began to find, almost on the surface of the soil, flint implements which had all the appearance of being genuine, but which were of an immense antiquity, of types going back to the early Palæolithic Age. Now flint implements and the Palæolithic age happen to be a speciality of French archæology, a branch in which they are supreme in European studies. Reference to the experts at once proved that these flints were not only perfectly genuine but that they were of Egyptian types. That presupposed that there had been a connection between Egypt and Europe across the Mediterranean by some unknown land-bridge in a remote geological age. But the geologists rejected any such supposition. The flints were examined again and seen to be patinated with that lovely glistening patina peculiar to Egyptian implements. Further research proved that this patina was caused by windblown sand in the Egyptian desert. No other implements except desert specimens showed it. And that brought the whole affair to a rapid conclusion. For there never are and never have been desert sands on the Marseilles coastline!

The flints had been deliberately "sown" by some mischief-

maker, who had wasted a quite valuable Egyptian collection in the process. His intention was mere mystification. He was the lineal descendant of the discoverer of the famous brick inscribed "Bill Stumps His Mark."

The forger of works of art for sheer gain is perhaps the only forger whose moral outlook is similar to that of the simple forger of coins and bank-notes. But he, too, has a complex side which the coiner has not. It is a common practice of distinguished forgers of works of art to let it be known that they are the authors of certain works of art in well-known galleries and museums, when in fact the works claimed as forgeries are perfectly genuine. This is perhaps the most cunning move any forger can make, for it spreads alarm and consternation in the collectors' world. It generates a feeling of uncertainty which, in the end, is beneficial to the forgers' trade. It is comparable to the act of disintegrating the forces of the enemy by insidious propaganda. The private collector in consequence gradually distrusts the opinions of the expert and depends more and more on his own judgment. In that way the forger is able to disseminate his forgeries the more easily. It is as though the police of the art-world were temporarily out of action.

One notorious forger in Greece is said to have confessed, on his deathbed, to the forgery of certain well-known objects in museums. All the objects were genuine but he hoped, as his last legacy to his profession, to leave a situation in which his heirs and assigns could rapidly get their forgeries placed, while the curators of museums were busy refuting the alleged forgeries. I know of no such wholehearted devotion to one's profession as this! To use one's own deathbed as an investment must be unique in the history of professional etiquette.

Nothing that I have written here can assist the forger in his nefarious ways and I hope that, if he reads my pages, he will realize that in the end he is always found out and that his bluff can ultimately be called.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CHILDREN.

BY DR. G. F. McCLEARY.

AT 8 p.m. on October 13th, 1908, the House of Commons was discussing the Children Bill, when, as *The Times* reported, "the door suddenly opened and a woman dressed in a white costume and wearing a flower hat, rushed halfway up the house and shouted, 'Leave off discussing the children's question and give votes to women first.' " It was not a planned "protest." The interrupter had gone to the House on business unconnected with women's suffrage; but, when almost within earshot of what was going on in the chamber where the nation's representatives were making laws for the whole people, it was borne in upon her, as well it might be, that more than one-half of the country's adults were denied any part in the choice of those representatives, and any right to enter their chamber except as occupants of a gallery reserved for "strangers."

It must be admitted, however, that the time of the interruption was singularly ill-chosen. The Bill the House was urged to put aside was really important and long overdue. It was designed to strengthen the existing law for the protection of children, in particular the law relating to baby-farming, and in several fields of child welfare it broke new ground. In the twenty-nine years that have since gone by, great advances have been made in the provision of national care for children, but the Bill of 1908 was at the time a welcome, belated, and important measure. It seems strange that anyone should have considered it a measure to be postponed even for so urgent a cause as women's suffrage.

But the importance in which children are held varies greatly between different times and peoples. In that thought-provoking film, *The Good Earth*, the idea of the child is dominant from beginning to end. The picture begins with a marriage in one generation and ends with a marriage in the next; and in neither

is the bride what was called by Spengler "the comrade woman," or by the lady who asked Artemus Ward whether he had not yearned for her, an "affinity." The hero and heroine see each for the first time on their wedding-day. A marriage so arranged is repugnant to our notions, but this one became a real comradeship of thought and work, and highly successful in the achievement of its primary object—to hand on the Torch of Life. In *The Good Earth* you see the Chinese idea of the child; you see it in the unspeakable joy of the father when he hears the earliest cry of his first child; you see it in the triumphant face of the mother as, with her son in her arms, she goes into the Great House where she was once a slave.

In *The Good Earth* you see how children are regarded by the inheritors of the oldest civilization in the world, who are also the most numerous people in the world. It is not, however, the prevailing idea of the child in this country. We have come to think we have produced too many children. John Stuart Mill taught us to look upon the producing of a large family "with the same feelings as drunkenness or any other physical excess." One of Mill's followers, James Cotter Morison, warned us in 1887 that the human race "by its reckless propagation" had got into an almost desperate state of over-population, and that it was before all things necessary to arrest "the devastating torrent of children." Fostered by such teaching the idea sprang up that a small family is evidence of good citizenship and a large family of bad citizenship. This idea is prevalent among all classes. Miss Eleanor Rathbone, in the *Family Endowment Chronicle* of February, 1937, tells us that :

"When addressing meetings in mining areas some time ago on family allowances, I found that the fact that miners had a birth-rate in excess of other occupations could only be very delicately alluded to, as the women especially took the allusion as a reproach."

It can hardly be doubted that the prevailing idea of the large family as evidence of anti-social conduct, as a subject for reproach, if not for unseemly comment, has worked as a potent factor in the decline in fertility that has gone on in this country during the last sixty years, of which so much has lately been heard. It seems much more influential than many of the conditions to which the decline has been ascribed : international and social insecurity, lack of houses, the dread of maternal

mortality and the disinclination to produce "cannon fodder." When our ancestors were fighting Napoleon, who liked the expression "cannon fodder" and consumed a good deal of it, they had no international or social security to speak of—no social insurance or old age pensions—they were much poorer than we are and much worse housed; they lived in conditions of disgusting insanitation; confinements were attended by such women as Mrs. Gamp, and the maternal mortality of that time was something too sickening to read about for long. But there was no loss of fertility. The international situation after Austerlitz was appalling, but our ancestors showed no failure to hand on the Torch of Life. That was left for generations far more advanced in material comfort, but with different ideas about the importance of children.

We have seen the achievement of the aim so much desired by the lady who called upon the House of Commons to stop considering the Children Bill. Women may now vote for parliamentary candidates, and the women members of Parliament, though small in number, exercise an influence out of all proportion to their numerical strength. One of the ablest of them published some years ago an article in which she discussed the question whether beauty was a bar to success. She described two sisters: one beautiful, the other plain. Rose, the beauty, married early and had two children; Hester, the plain sister, three years older, was trained for a profession. When we meet them they are well on in their thirties:—

"Hester is 38, keen, interesting, has her own flat, her own income, her own friends. She has carved into her plain face the lines of character, individuality and tolerant understanding. Lovely Rose, now rather *passée*, has two children—at school. Her husband is absorbed in his business, and his club, or other male interests. She is bored to tears. If she had the brains for public work, now would be the time for usefulness. But no one has ever suggested to Rose anything beyond the altar—except children and the delights of idleness."

Nothing but "children and the delights of idleness!" We are to infer, then, that Rose has made a failure of life. Hester, on the contrary, has achieved success. She earns her living by doing something that men can do, something not altogether unlike what Rose's husband does. No doubt both follow useful occupations, and no doubt both consider that what they do is more important than anything Rose has done. What can a

woman who is merely a wife and mother do that can compare in importance with, say, a successful deal in copper ? We may suspect that Hester and her friends and Rose's husband hold such views and do not conceal them from Rose, whose attitude to life may be coloured by them.

But Rose has performed an important public service that no man could perform, however hard he tried; she has borne two children. The bearing of children is essential to the life of the community. Many callings, by which men earn a livelihood, though they may be useful, are not indispensable. We could get on tolerably well without them. Our ancestors did without many things we now demand, jazz music for instance, and were none the worse for it. But the service that Rose has performed, and not without risk to health if not to life, is of such importance that compared with it most human services seem trivial. Rose need have no inferiority complex. Let her rejoice in her fulfilment of the great creative function of motherhood.

It is a function glorified by great artists. In the Louvre there is now a well known modern picture of a seated figure, serene and gracious, the sight of whom is strengthening to the soul. And there is a great and famous picture in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. It is a portrait of an old woman who leans with both hands on a high walking stick. Her face is deeply lined, and her mouth is slightly open as if she had some difficulty in drawing breath. She is weary and near her end ; for this portrait was painted in the year before she died. She is the mother of Rembrandt.

So she appeared to the people of Leyden in the year 1639. No; that is not quite how she appeared to them. "My dear Watson," said Sherlock Holmes, "you saw all that I saw, but you did not observe." On this canvas we see the mother of Rembrandt as she was seen by the inspired eye of her son, who was gifted to "see into the heart of things," and skilled to show us the human body not as the result of subtle chemical and physical changes, but as the incarnate revelation of the mysterious spirit of man. In that deeply-lined face, in those eloquent hands, there is a history of a life of fulfilment, of strenuous endeavour, of ripe experience ; joy, sorrow, defeat, and unspeakable triumph. She has borne nine children, and

her eighth child, now the man before her, busy with brush and palette, is a master spirit, who stands with Shakespeare and Beethoven, and by whose vision "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world" for many has been lightened.

The mother of Rembrandt was not an exponent of the planned family. She did not adopt what the Germans call "*das Zweikindersystem*." If she had, the world would have been vastly the poorer. The two children system has, however, become fashionable. The planned family, with two children conveniently spaced, is widely regarded as a sign of good citizenship. But such citizenship must inevitably lead to the extinction of the citizenry. Professor Carr-Saunders tells us that "there must be approximately three children in the average family for replacement purposes;" and he points out that, since there will always be childless marriages, and marriages with one or two children only, "a proportion of four and five-children families is necessary if the population is not to die out." People who say such things run the risk of being thought "alarmists"—disturbers of the public repose—but they can say with Edmund Burke: "I am not of the opinion of those gentlemen who are against disturbing the public repose. I like a clamour whenever there is an abuse. The firebell at midnight disturbs your sleep, but it keeps you from being burnt in your bed."

Twenty-nine years have gone by since the Children Bill was passed, and nineteen years since women were enfranchised; and the birth-rate has fallen from lower to lower levels. Our fertility rate is now twenty-five per cent. below replacement rate—among the professional classes it is fifty per cent. below. This could not be in a community with a right view of the importance of children and of motherhood. We have not even made our country safe for motherhood. In 1935 the deaths of women in England and Wales classed to "Pregnancy and Childbearing" numbered 2,457, in addition to 712 deaths "not classed to Pregnancy and Childbearing but returned as associated therewith." For many years our maternal mortality has been high, although we are told authoritatively that one-half of the deaths are preventable, and we are only beginning to take effective steps about it.

But when children are regarded as a "devastating torrent," or as so many young locusts coming to ravage a world too poor in resources to support them ; when the "two children system" is regarded as a sign that the parents are duly mindful of the public welfare ; when the British Association cheers an economist who accuses Bishops of "crass class ignorance" because they put in a good word for the family of four or five children—it is not surprising that motherhood is rated below its true value. Yet it is the most important of all human occupations. As Miss Eleanor Rathbone puts it in her book, *The Disinherited Family* :—

"The whole business of begetting, bearing and rearing children is the most essential of all the nation's businesses. If it is not done at all the world would become a desert in less than a century. To the extent that it is done badly, a nation finds itself confronted, in war-time, with the problem of making an A1 army out of a C3 population ; in peace time with the competition of rivals that manage better."

This most important of human services is, however, for the great majority of mothers carried on under conditions that would be tolerated in no other occupation. To quote Miss Rathbone again :—

"If motherhood is a craft (as doubtless in a sense it is), it differs from every other craft known to man in that there is no money remuneration for the mother's task, no guarantee for her maintenance while she performs it, and (most important, yet most ignored of all) no consequential relationship recognized by society between the quantity and quality of her product and the quantity and quality of the tools and materials she has at her disposal. Children are the mother's product, food, clothing, and other necessaries her materials and tools ; but a plumber's wife with one punting infant has power to purchase more of these necessaries than the plumber's labourer's wife, though she be the efficient mother of a hungry family of six."

In no other occupation that is followed in this country is there so flagrant a contravention of the principle "to each according to his need"—a principle to which much lip-service is given. But in some other countries, especially in France, steps have been taken by the institution of family allowances to ensure that a new baby shall not bring increased privation into the home. Family allowances are now advocated as tending to check the decline in fertility, but it is difficult to show that they have been effective for that purpose. I venture to suggest that it is unsafe to put the case for family allowances on the ground that they will check the declining birth-rate ; it is

better to put it on grounds of social justice. Even if they offer no effective inducement to mothers to bear more children, family allowances would certainly help mothers to make the most of the children they have already borne, and would do something to discharge the heavy debt the community owes to those who have laboured with child to secure the continuance of the race.

And now what about Rose, who has given birth to two children, is comfortably off, and is bored to tears? What is she to do? "Continuez, mes enfants," said the great Kami, as he moved among the canvases of his many pupils; "continuez." So let us say, "Au troisième, chère Rose, au troisième!" You are only thirty-five. And if Hester tries to pull any superiority stuff on you, think of the triumph on the face of O-lan as, with her baby in her arms, she goes into the Great House where she was once a slave.

A ROGUISH BUSINESS.

BY ANNE ABERCROMBY.

GAILY those spring days of 1663 were set to the music of Mr. Pepys' viallin, and of Ashwell's harpsicon, while the tap-tap of Mrs. Pepys' pirouetting feet echoed lightly through the diarist's home, but not so lightly in the diarist's heart, as April gave way to mischievous May, and the green of the new-born foliage tinged the very sunshine which flooded the house in Seething Lane with something of jealousy's unwholesome hue.

The trouble was Mr. Pembleton, the dancing master, "a pretty neat black man, but married," whose tutorship of Mrs. Pepys had arisen from observations made by Samuel and his lady of the "fine carriage" of Mary Ashwell, Mrs. Pepys' new woman. Ashwell had entered the household on March 12th and had shown herself already as the mistress of many refined accomplishments calculated to impress her employers, particularly Mrs. Pepys, whose simple charms were challenged constantly by the airs and graces of the damsels hired to attend her. For, although Samuel might conduct himself with outward decorum, he could no more control the Old Adam peeping forth slyly from his eyes, at the sight of pastures new, than can any other man of robust imagination. And who, alack! should have better reason to recognize the look than his wife, the half-French Elizabeth, who had been married at fifteen and was even now no more than twenty-three.

Certainly Mrs. Pepys owed herself a little recreation now times were easier, for she had worked hard in her husband's interests, while his feet were still feeling their way up the lower rungs of the ladder, and had proved herself a very competent housewife despite the tenderness of her years. In contrite moods Mr. Pepys was wont to recall how she had washed his dirty linen with her own fair hands, and gone but indifferently

gowned, though suffering no diminishment of her beauty from this pitiful circumstance. Memories which, while they unmanned Samuel for the emotional moment, were sufficiently in abeyance at other times to give Mrs. Pepys a distinct excuse for feeling that Samuel preferred to pour his debts and losses into her ear than his money into her lap, taking very good care that the sweets of life were his in abundance, while to her was left the thankless task of dealing with the potato-peelings and candle-ends of existence.

Not that Samuel was a bad husband, unless an over-amorous disposition be counted against him, nor is there any indication that Elizabeth would have changed him for another. She might threaten to leave him, but it is significant that she chose to remain. She might give him a piece of her mind couched in the plainest terms, but would very presently erase it with her tears. And if, now and then, they "lay all night in a quarrel," how much oftener they lay in love! It may be taken, in fact, as a very normal marriage of the times, and, if it lacked glamour, it possessed that indefinable quality which transcends domestic strife and triumphs signally over the inevitable wear and tear of wedlock, even under the most felicitous conditions. But, although not a few troubles had visited Mr. Pepys since his espousal of Elizabeth St. Michel, he had never before been in such a pother as he was now over the dark good looks of Mr. Pembleton.

He had, from the outset, been filled with prophetic doubt as to the wisdom of allowing Mrs. Pepys to take up an accomplishment which might distract her mind from the more important matter of running his establishment with that efficiency and economy which is the sacred trust of every wife. He had feared, and not without reason, that the levity inseparable from the acquisition of a pastime as frivolous as dancing might lead her into those wanton ways which, in the opinion of that stern moralist, her husband, she was all too prone to favour. Before now Mr. Pepys had had to bring his authority to bear on giddy but engagingly innocent traits in the character of Mrs. Pepys, whose youngness, fairness, and heedlessness surely supplied all the excuse the most suspicious could desire?

Yet, having given his permission, and even been instrumental in running the necessary instructor to earth, Mr. Pepys must

suffer the results of his rashness—and suffer he most certainly did! For, while it is in man's nature to be faithless, nor reck the pain he inflicts thereby, let him doubt the chastity of his wife and the horns he wears prick his very soul. Samuel's martyrdom commenced on April 25th when, returning home in the evening, he found the first dancing lesson in full swing and Elizabeth “merrily practising . . . ‘but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do it well already, though I think no such thing.’” An attitude we may be sure Samuel would not only scorn to disguise but take infinite pleasure in displaying before the happy complaisance of Mrs. Pepys. A complaisance fostered by the encouragement of Mr. Pembleton, as he smiled upon her efforts and passed over her mistakes in a manner no less than infuriating to the onlooker.

It is not easy to decide whether Mrs. Pepys and the dancing master put their heads together to devise a means of vanquishing the discontented husband, or whether what came to pass was purely accidental, but in a very short time Mr. Pepys was prevailed upon to try the steps of a coranto, and to be enrolled a “scholler” of Mr. Pembleton’s for a fee of ten shillings. The diarist finds it necessary to make ample explanation of this fall from the heights of affected superiority to the level of a beeswaxed floor; “The truth is, I think it is a thing very useful for a gentleman, and sometimes I may have occasion of using it, and though it cost me what I am heartily sorry it should . . . So though it be against my stomach yet I will try it a little while; if I see it comes to any great inconvenience or charge I will fling it off.”

A coranto, or courante, was a dance distinguished by a running or gliding step, admirably suited to the energy Samuel would bring to bear on the mastery of his new accomplishment as he skimmed the polished, oaken boards, with twinkling shoe buckles and flying skirts, in a very ecstasy of perspiring endeavour, while Mrs. Pepys supplied unstinted rounds of diplomatic applause, and Mr. Pembleton fiddled for his life. These gladsome scenes took place in “my best upper chamber, which is a rare room for musique,” Mr. Pepys, needless to remark, made excellent progress, and “they say that I am like to make a good dancer,” comments Samuel, his vanity rendering

him as guileless as the most ingenuous simpleton under the sun.

But this complacency was not to last, and Samuel's feelings were to be considerably ruffled long before the coranto was ready for public exhibition, if indeed it ever reached that proud stage, although Mr. Pembleton had increased his professional visits to two a day "which is a folly." Mr. Pepys' rising annoyance was visited, ostensibly, on his wife's inconsistency, and her obstinate refusal to receive instruction from anyone but her accredited teacher; "But, Lord! to see how my wife will not be thought to need telling by me or Ashwell, and yet will plead that she has learnt but a month, which causes many short fallings out between us." As well it might! Was it likely that Mrs. Pepys would suffer meekly the criticisms of a husband whose coranto left much to be desired, or allow herself to be ordered about by the supercilious Ashwell? Very properly it was to Mr. Pembleton alone she turned for guidance, and pleaded, no doubt very charmingly, her want of practice. And if Samuel saw red, as well as green, that was his affair.

This derangement of vision was not improved by Mr. Pepys' discovery, on May 15th, that whatever danger might lurk in the tantalizing rhythm of dancing feet was a mere nothing compared with the limitless possibilities which might account for the same feet silenced. ". . . . home, where I find it almost night, and my wife and the dancing-master alone above not dancing, but talking. Now so deadly full of jealousy I am that my heart and head did so cast about and fret that I could not do any business possibly, but went out to my office, and anon late home again and ready to chide at everything."

Samuel spent a wretched night, yet although he employed various stratagems—one, at least, of an extremely wily nature—to discover whether he were a fully-fledged cuckold, his fears continued to rest entirely on suspicion and, as he freely admitted, on the knowledge supplied by his own moral weaknesses which necessarily warped his judgment. Mr. Pepys, putting himself into the place of Mr. Pembleton, knew only too well how he would have employed his time between the lessons in that upper chamber, apart with a pretty woman whose husband was abroad. No candles lit, the last dance curtailed by the sudden coming of the May night, sweet with budding lilac, and just

touched with frost enough to make the stars burn more brightly and two alone. A slim, dark man built for grace, well-versed in gallantry, refined to a degree, and a woman whose flushed beauty and disturbed breathing would make her more than ever desirable. Their hands would touch, their lips meet, and would that be all ?

For aught we know Mr. Pepys may have been right in his conjectures, but we prefer to think he was not. The wife of a libertine is oftener virtuous than the reverse, and if Elizabeth Pepys enjoyed the admiration of men other than her husband, we may be sure that was the extent of her condescension. Her very early marriage, the ardour of her consort, her leanings towards Catholicism, would all conduce to a virtuous habit of life and the sculptured face which leans out from the shadows of St. Olave's Church is proof positive of our belief, for it is proud and delicate, and just a shade pert.

By this time Mr. Pembleton, notwithstanding Mr. Pepys' lack of cordiality, had wormed himself so gracefully into the heart of the household in Seething Lane that on the 19th of the month he accompanied his pupils over the water to the Halfway House at Rotherhithe, there to play at ninepins ; an innocent-sounding pastime, but one which, like many another game, could be adapted to the moods of the players. And it was not long before Mr. Pepys' " damned jealousy took fire " on seeing Mr. Pembleton take Mrs. Pepys by the hand, although on reflection Samuel decided it had only been done " in passing or sport." Yet the following day he was put into " a great disorder again " on perceiving that the ubiquitous and " pretty neat little black man " had dined with his wife, nor could Samuel come to any continued peace of mind, try as he would to control his suspicions and busy himself with other matters.

Everything was an irritation to the disconsolate Clerk of the Acts, and his desire to fall out with his wife so strong that " I did enter and make a vow to myself not to oppose her or say anything to dispraise or correct her therein as long as her month (of tuition in dancing) lasts, in pain of 2s. 6d. for every time, which, if God pleases, I will observe, for this roguish business has brought us more disquiet than anything which has happened a great while." A vow which was to prove itself

expensive while the ink which had recorded it was still wet, for at supper that very night Elizabeth Pepys used the word "devil," and was reprimanded instantly by the righteous Samuel. Whereupon Mrs. Pepys took him up most scornfully, "So that I fear without great discretion I shall go near to lose too my command over her."

This affrighting possibility sheds an interesting light on Mr. Pepys' conception of marriage, and the duties of a husband, which he seems to have regarded as similar to those of a groom in charge of a mettlesome mare. For, once let a wife get the bit between her teeth, and who is to stay her course? Certainly anyone but the man who put the bridle on in the first instance, whose unenviable lot it is to stand by and see his hearth deserted, his hopes shattered, and himself discomfited while the lady kicks up her heels in a cloud of dust and has clean gone by the time it has cleared. The humour of the times, too, was hard on cuckolds, who got scant sympathy for their misfortunes, and were mocked publicly for their inability to look after their own property. To Mr. Pepys, who had reason to know the other side of the picture, it was a peculiarly horrid thought that he might find himself in the plight of one or two husbands whose wives he knew, his dignity flown, his manhood outraged—and all for a dancing master.

Indeed it was a harrassed life which Samuel led that Spring of 1663, for not only was his house haunted in season and out of it by Mr. Pembleton, but that all-pervasive hero took to invading the sacred hours of service on the Lord's day too, in one instance completely spoiling Mr. Pepys' purely aesthetic pleasure in a certain unknown and "pretty lady" who appeared at worship on May 24th, and for whose sake Mr. Pepys went forth to church when his intention had been to stay at home. "But over against our gallery I espied Pembleton, and saw him leer upon my wife all the sermon, I taking no notice of him, and my wife upon him, and I observed she made a curtsey to him upon coming out without taking notice to me at all of it, which with the consideration of her being desirous these last two Lord's days to go to church both forenoon and afternoon do really make me suspect something more than ordinary, though I am loth to think the worst"

If it were revenge Elizabeth Pepys sought for her husband's little habits of ogling in theatres, of quizzing, goggling, peering and spying wherever feminine charms offered up their infinite variety to his bold, brown eyes, then it was hers to a miracle, brimful and over-flowing. But as Mrs. Pepys kept no diary, and gave nothing away to her spouse, choosing rather to lead him gently up the garden path with an air at once so innocent and beguiling that Samuel followed hot-foot only to precipitate himself into a bed of nettles, the secret of the dancing lessons remains to this hour part of the dust which was once a woman's heart. An organ divided marvellously between simplicity and subtlety, full fathoms deep yet shallower than the chalice of a water-lily.

So troubled was Mr. Pepys two days after the scene in church that "I know not at this very minute that I now write this almost what either I write or am doing . . ." indeed the construction of the sentence speaks for itself, and it is evident that Mr. Pepys' jealousy has flared up beyond his control, setting him in such a ferment that he could neither attend to his business nor his pleasure, confessing himself as "almost mad." Nor was his perturbation without cause, for Mrs. Pepys had arranged—and made public her arrangement—that she and Mr. Pembleton should be alone in the house, her servants and Ashwell being sent abroad, her husband consigned to his office. But Samuel did not remain there, not he! He rose to the bait like a lively young trout and went home to see how things were, and found them every bit as bad as he had feared. Posting a handy Dutch sailor in a "little room at the door," presumably to act as duenna, Mr. Pepys went back to the office to keep an appointment, returning as soon as might be, and "continued in my chamber vexed and angry till he (Pembleton) went away, pretending aloud, that I might hear, that he could not stay, and Mrs. Ashwell not being within they could not dance."

Mr. Pepys, ever practical, then made a round of the beds in the house in search of evidence—but the beds were smooth and uncreased, and no trace of disorder could he find to repay his prurient nosings. Yet he was not convinced, walking the tiles all evening in a heavy humour, until finally he put himself to

bed in "great discontent." It was inevitable that the early hours of the morning should be selected for one of those bedroom scenes in which the Pepyses specialized. Scenes alternating in the most bewildering manner between recrimination and pacification. There were tears on the part of Elizabeth and high words from Samuel ; overtures from Samuel, and rebuffs from Elizabeth ; taxings and denials ; wrath and sulks ; threats and pleadings but in the end Mr. Pepys, we are thankful to announce, " found very good reason to think that her freedom with him (Pembleton) is very great and more than was convenient, but with no evil intent, and so after a while I caressed her and parted seeming friends, but she crying in a great discontent."

So Samuel left the side of his lady and departed for a full day's doings, his only regret being that the pressure of business prevented his attendance at the races on Banstead Downs. In fact few days were too long, or too crowded, for that insatiable hedonist. He lived every moment with an amazing intensity, no diffidence held him back, no modern complexes disturbed his nervous system, he used all his faculties to the utmost limit of their powers, and not a single inhibition gave him pause. The sight of a beautiful woman ravished him, a bawd filled him with lust, he ate and drank until he was sick, he wallowed in gossip, and was fearfully intrigued by the wonders of science—but nothing ever bored him. For the world had been made for the entertainment of Mr. Pepys, who saw it with the eyes of an artist, heard it with the ears of a musician, tasted it with the palate of an epicure, and loved it as his own!

But while Mr. Pepys was talking with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and dining at Little Chelsey with my Lord Sandwich, Elizabeth had had ample time in which to dry her eyes and lay plans against her husband's return. That innocent gentleman, arriving home, walked straight into trouble ; Mrs. Pepys was in a "musty humour," easily to be imagined, and garnished no doubt with many mute tossings of the head and pursings of her pretty lips—danger-signals well-known to the experienced spouse. So now, before Ashwell, and without lowering her voice Mrs. Pepys informed Samuel that she had not admitted Mr. Pembleton in that paragon's absence, but had sent him away—

thus making public Mr. Pepys' inglorious jealousy of a dancing master, than which no more effective form of retaliation could well have been devised.

The agitated Mr. Pepys retired to his office, where presently word was brought to him of Mr. Pembleton's arrival. Mr. Pepys signalized that the lesson should proceed, and that he would attend later. "So being at a great loss whether I should appear to Pembleton or no, and what would most proclaim my jealousy to him, I at last resolved to go home, and took Tom Hater with me, and staid a good while in my chamber." Then taking the bull by the horns, and dismissing Mr. Hater, who was his clerk, Samuel ascended to his historical upper chamber and there joined in the dances with a will—perhaps helped to this heroic course by the fact that the hour had come to pay Mr. Pembleton off. This having been accomplished by Mrs. Pepys, Pembleton joined them at supper, Mr. Pepys being very scrupulous in his attentions, "and kind to him as much as I could, to prevent his discourse, though I perceive to my trouble that he knows all, and may do me the disgrace to publish it as much as he can. Which I take very ill"

It was, however, by no means the last of the villain, for on June 9th he came to say good-bye to his former pupil upon her leaving London for a holiday in the country. Again the green-eyed monster was quick to raise an ugly head, and "Lord! how I listened and laid my ear to the door, and how I was troubled when I heard them stand still and not dance." Yet who knows but that the two within the room knew very well whose step it was upon the creaking board outside? Whose skirts they were which fell softly against the panels of the door, and whose hidden presence made them cease dancing and caution each other to silence with laughing eyes, and hands upraised? What a fillip must have been added to their enjoyment in the knowledge that the master of the house was hopping about on toast as uncomfortably hot as that delicacy can reasonably be made!

The Autumn brought Mr. Pembleton to church with a most displeasing regularity, and Mr. Pepys' devotions, as well as his enjoyment of the devout lineaments of the fairer members of the congregation, were alike seriously disturbed. Few knew

better than Samuel the pleasingly sensual effect of divine service, with the sins of the flesh brought voluptuously to mind, and the sexes mingling their frailties freely together.

These encounters preyed so much on Mr. Pepys' mind, even after Mr. Pembleton had magnanimously produced his own wife for Mr. Pepys' delectation—"a pretty little woman, and well-dressed, with a good jewel at her breast"—that when the Pepyses attended service on April 17th, 1664, it was the first time for nine or ten weeks that Samuel had ventured to expose his wife to the equivocal glances of her hypothetical paramour. Richly arrayed they did honour to their piety, Samuel in his "best cloth black suit and my velvet cloake my wife in her best laced suit," from which we may take it that the sun was shining, that only the larks disturbed the blue of the firmament, and in the meadows round Westminster new flowers were springing.

Unfortunately no sooner had Mr. and Mrs. Pepys peacocked themselves into their gallery than it was evident to the anxious husband that the enemy was at hand—a thousand Restoration curses on his smirking visage!—his black hair curled to a fault, his ruffles immaculate, his deportment the acme of easy perfection. But Mr. Pepys was not without resource, and he promptly arranged himself in the pew in such a manner as to hide Mrs. Pepys completely from the view of the unspeakable Pembleton, no doubt displaying his own sartorial excellences to the best possible advantage in the process.

Evidently the Pembleton business was losing its roguishness, and, although the reis record of the dancing master being thrice at Seething Lane when festivities were a-foot, it was rather as a master of the ceremonies to put the dancers on their mettle and to keep the musicians in order, than as a guest. Indeed so little had the "pretty neat black man" come to count in Mr. Pepys' increasingly important life, that on January 6th, 1667-68, his name was entered in the Diary for the last time as *Pendleton* Could indifference go further, or be more adroitly advertised?

ELEMENTS OF EUROPEAN CONSOLIDATION

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

WITHOUT flourish of trumpets, one of the greatest decisions in the high policy of our time was reached when, as August closed, the Little Entente definitely pronounced for its continued association and alignment with France, as against attaching itself to what is known as the Rome-Berlin axis. In the present involved situation in the Mediterranean this decision is of immense political and military significance, especially to England and the Empire, and more particularly when it is recalled that two out of the three Little Entente States are also members of the Balkan Entente. Agitating and even alarming incidents in the Mediterranean were not lacking to draw attention to its importance. Yet the fact remains that what took place was given strangely little prominence in the British Press, with practically no interpretative comment of commensurate value. The reason no doubt was that the violent renewal of the Far Eastern crisis overshadowed it.

It is not too much to say that British continental policy—not only in the Mediterranean—has been enormously strengthened by that decision. Consider what the position in Europe would be if the Little Entente had been wrecked on the question of adherence to the Rome-Berlin combination, as some prophesied it certainly would be! Let it be said at once in all fairness that such prophecies were not absolutely without foundation, which statement calls for a brief historical sketch of the Little Entente and its policy during the last few years.

Originally the Little Entente, consisting of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, came into existence in 1920-21 to uphold the *status quo* established in Europe by the Peace Treaties, which, as affecting them, were the Treaty of Trianon with respect to Hungary and the Treaty of Neuilly touching

Bulgaria. The three States agreed to assist each other against an unprovoked attack by Hungary ; Yugoslavia and Rumania further agreed on action in common on all questions of foreign policy relating to Bulgaria. These agreements were embodied in defensive conventions which were prolonged from time to time for five years ; in 1929 their renewal was made automatic at the end of each period of five years, and at the same time there was signed a general treaty of conciliation and arbitration on the model elaborated by the League of Nations. Thus was proclaimed to the world the identification of the three States with the Little Entente as a political constellation. In the following year this collective pact was complemented by an agreement for close collaboration by the Foreign Ministers of the three States, and for a conference of those Ministers at least once a year, with the proviso that the Foreign Minister of any one State might be authorized to act as representative of the Little Entente as a whole, in case the exigencies of the situation demanded such a course. This process of unification and consolidation reached its climax when in February, 1933, at a conference held at Geneva, the three States signed the "Pact of the Organization of the Little Entente," and created a Permanent Council, consisting of the three Foreign Ministers, who were to meet at least three times a year to discuss questions of foreign policy, as well as problems of special interest in the mutual relations of the three countries.

Up to that date, momentous in the history of Central and South-Eastern Europe, the Little Entente could be said to be a somewhat loose political group, but the Pact of Organization made it clear that thenceforward it had to be accepted internationally as a unit—cf the statement in the pact that "any political treaty or unilateral act of any one of the three States which changes its relations to a third party must have the unanimous consent of the Permanent Council, the same applying to any economic agreement entailing important political consequences." Comprising three States, with a joint population of some fifty millions and a total area of upwards of 270,000 square miles, the Little Entente now stood forth as the equivalent of a Great Power in Europe. Here was something which seemed to go far beyond the comparatively limited programme

which had led to the formation of the Little Entente some twelve years before. In reality, however, its new status was more evolutionary than revolutionary ; not unprepared for, as has been shown, it came about in order to meet, so far as it could, the new international situation, with its atmosphere of incessant crisis, which rapidly developed after the accession to power of Herr Hitler in Germany, preceded by and accompanied as that event was by the bellicose activities of Signor Mussolini *vis-à-vis* Yugoslavia and his general campaign for revision of the Peace Treaties. In 1932-33 also Mussolini was secretly arming Hungary, and, having made Albania his vassal, was threatening Yugoslavia with war. But perhaps the true *point de départ* is to be found in the agreement of the five Great Powers to concede equal rights in armaments to Germany, towards the end of 1932.

Till the beginning of 1933 the policy of the Little Entente was based in general on the closest possible co-operation with France as the great champion of the *status quo*. Besides, each of the three States had treaties with her guaranteeing the intangibility of their respective frontiers and making assistance reciprocally obligatory in case of unprovoked attack. Their general staffs were in constant contact. Indeed, so intimate was the collaboration of the Little Entente with France that the three States were often described as her vassals, an assertion which was inexact, but undoubtedly got some colour from the former's almost undeviating support of the latter in the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference. Early in 1933 the famous Four-Power Pact of Mussolini, which was accepted by Ramsay MacDonald in principle and even by France for consideration, raised a storm of protest in the Little Entente, as also in Poland, though not altogether from the same causes—a subject, however, outside the scope of this article. This pact plainly indicated the revision of the territorial clauses of the Peace Treaties ; the leaders of the Little Entente even more plainly intimated to France (and England) their determined opposition to it. Dr. Benesh and M. Titulescu bluntly stated that revision meant war. French influence in the affairs of the Little Entente was shaken ; it was also weakened by France's uncertain attitude respecting the Habsburg question ; the restoration of the Habsburg

dynasty whether in Austria or Hungary was (and is) anathema to the Little Entente. The assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia at Marseilles in October, 1934, told against France, and the Franco-Italian pact negotiated by M. Laval with Mussolini in January, 1935, was looked on with the gravest suspicion and dislike by Yugoslavia, with a corresponding reaction on the other States of the Little Entente. During the two years, which began with Hitler's triumph in Germany and ended with the Franco-Italian treaty, there was a serious decline in the prestige of France in South-Eastern Europe. Moreover, the withdrawal of Germany from the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference in October, 1933, following on the similar action earlier of Japan, had a profound effect on the whole international situation.

From the point of view of the peace and security of Europe the situation was marked by a progressive deterioration in 1935-36, the main cause of which was the resurgence of Germany. Disregarding the Declaration of London, February, 1935, and the British White Paper on Rearmament issued on March 13 following, Hitler on March 16 announced the return of Germany to conscription, and when interrogated by Sir John Simon and Mr. Anthony Eden in Berlin sent them empty away. This turn in affairs was watched by none more anxiously than by the Little Entente. Some weeks before both France and Czechoslovakia had started negotiations with Soviet Russia, the result being that in May both France and Czechoslovakia signed pacts of mutual assistance with her. The question of the relations of the three States of the Little Entente to the U.S.S.R. had been settled fairly in its history by a decision, reaffirmed over and over again at various conferences, that each State was entitled to pursue its own individual policy in this matter. It was a necessary decision as Yugoslavia refused to "recognize" Russia—and still does so; for years the U.S.S.R. maintained its claim to Bessarabia, despite the occupation of that province by Rumania, who therefore would have nothing to do with it. In 1933, however, the agreement signed in London defining the "aggressor," and sometimes called the Pact of London, implied the renunciation of Bessarabia on the part of Russia, because the pact postulated "aggression" as occurring when any

territory attacked was in *de facto* possession of the given State. Nevertheless, Rumania has strengthened her alliance with Poland, and, like Poland, does not contemplate permitting Red troops to pass her frontiers to make war on a third party, whoever that party may be. Of the Little Entente States Czechoslovakia has the closest relations with the U.S.S.R., though this is far from sustaining German allegations of the Bolshevization of that country, the truth being the very opposite, as every independent observer knows. Czechoslovakia is composed of big and little industrialists and millions of peasants who own their farms, the standard of life everywhere being high above that in Russia.

In the Italian-Abyssinian War the equivocal action or inaction of M. Laval could hardly be expected to impress the Little Entente favourably, but the three States stood by the League of Nations as led by England at Geneva, and they carried out the Sanctions faithfully, though these pressed most heavily on Yugoslavia, and threatened to dislocate permanently her whole economic system. While that was proceeding, and the question of the Mediterranean, which involved the position and prestige of England throughout the world, was becoming more and more acute, the British Government published its rearmament programme on March 3, 1936, and made it plain that at last it really meant business by divorcing itself in practice from "collective security." The trouble was that this move came so very late in the day and that in any case its effect could not be felt immediately. Four days after the appearance of the programme Hitler took advantage of the opportunity which he considered—rightly, as it proved—the international situation presented, to march his forces into the forbidden, demilitarized zone on the Rhine. The crucial fact was that these troops encountered no opposition, yet it had been believed that such an invasion, in full breach of the Versailles Treaty and with so direct a menace to France, must lead at once to war. But France made no move, though she was informed by her allies, Poland and the Little Entente, that they would support her, and could also rely on the resuscitated Anglo-French Entente, with all the colossal resources of Great Britain in prospect. France failed, the Anglo-French Entente failed, to act. On the

Continent the unreadiness of England and her difficulties in the Mediterranean were well understood, but it had been thought that France was ready, and that her Army was superior to that of Germany. Yet France offered nothing beyond futile talk. Two months later one sequel disclosed itself when Mussolini proclaimed the King of Italy as the veritable Emperor of Ethiopia.

The remilitarization of the Rhineland by Hitler and the conquest of Abyssinia by Mussolini were shattering blows to Geneva and the collective policy for which it stands. Was it surprising that the Little Entente, which had so largely built itself on France and the League of Nations, was shaken to its foundations ? It would have been passing strange if such had not been the case ; it would have been indeed most unnatural. One immediate result was the launching of a strenuous campaign for a large National Defence Loan in Czechoslovakia, to whose leadership as President Dr. Benesh, her Foreign Minister since the inception of the State, had succeeded at the end of 1935. Notwithstanding everything that had occurred Benesh still stood (as he still stands) by France and the League of Nations (with an extremely important *addendum* to which I shall come presently). But, as the signs of the times clearly suggested, these were not enough he broadcast a strong and stirring appeal on behalf of the Defence Loan, and worked day and night at strengthening and popularizing the Czechoslovak Army, an effort in which he has been completely successful, for not only is that Army the best-equipped now in Europe in all arms, especially in the air, and for its size, 200,000 men, exceptionally formidable, but his people in the mass, hitherto indifferent to it, have taken it to their hearts. In the upshot the loan produced upwards of 2,500 million Czechoslovak crowns or about £21,400,000. A second Defence Loan was announced in July of the present year, to be devoted chiefly to refortifying the frontiers. When I had the privilege of an audience in Prague last August, the President, who had just come from attending the annual manœuvres, and was as well and happy in himself as any man I ever saw, said that he was thoroughly satisfied with the Army, and whoever encountered it would have good cause to rue the day. "Not," he added, "that I believe anybody is

going to attack Czechoslovakia, but we must be prepared for every eventuality."

In 1936 the other States of the Little Entente, Rumania and Yugoslavia, were much less firm in their attitude to the German menace. Czechoslovakia was far the most resolute in opposing Herr Hitler's expansionist plans and his intrigues for her isolation by splitting the Little Entente, plus the detachment of Rumania and Yugoslavia from France. The German Chancellor had quite a good deal to build on. Those two Little Entente States had noted the supineness of France in presence of his *coup* in the Rhineland, the most striking of a sequence of successes for the Fuehrer—of what use to them, they might well ask, was France? They had also seen the defeat of the League of Nations in China by Japan and in Abyssinia by Italy, and were no longer convinced of the efficacy of collective security. In July of that critical year their apprehensions were also aroused by the agreement entered into by Italy, Germany and Austria, which, though it shelved at least temporarily the Habsburg question, was felt to be another triumph for Hitler, inasmuch as he was the controlling factor of the Rome-Berlin axis, thus and then created and later conspicuous in the Spanish civil war. Add to all this food for thought the powerful economic argument derived from the rapid increase of German trade with those two States, backed by specific advances to both in a political sense by visiting German statesmen, and the strong pressure on them is sufficiently manifest. The fall of Titulescu, long a leading figure at Geneva and for a shorter time prominent in the Little and Balkan Ententes, and, like Benesh a pronounced Francophil, showed, or was taken to show, how things were tending in Rumania a year ago.

The Little Entente Conference at Bratislava in mid-September, 1936, deplored Austrian rearmament despite the St. Germain Treaty, and warned Hungary against an unauthorized increase of her Army. On such matters, which were of the essence of Little Entente policy as first conceived, the three States were sure to preserve a common front. But at that conference Rumania and Yugoslavia, it was understood, stressed their individual independence, and, in view of the changed international situation dissociated themselves from the clause, quoted

in a preceding paragraph of this article, of the Pact of Organization making joint action of the three States on *all* matters a *sine qua non*. (It may be remembered that at this time Czechoslovakia was being violently assailed by the German Press on various grounds—which I discussed in an article “The Menace to Czechoslovakia,” in the February issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY). Those attacks were calculated, among other objects, to bring pressure to bear on Rumanian and Yugoslav opinion. A speech of Mussolini at Milan on November 1, however, in favour of territorial revision served to draw the three States together again. Still, as 1937 opened, the tension within the Little Entente was marked.

Then, early in January it was intimated to Berlin that war on Czechoslovakia, whether direct or indirect by promoting an attempt at revolution internally, would immediately result in nothing less than a European war. The three States at the Belgrade Conference, April 1-2, reaffirmed that their policy continued to develop within the framework of the Pact of Organization. Specific mention was made of the Balkan Pact and of France, “who had recently given new proofs of her friendship.” In April Mr. Eden at Liverpool spoke of this conference, and emphatically endorsed the Little Entente. There followed those hurryings to and fro and meetings of various statesmen of eminence which were so interesting a feature of the spring of this year.

Leaving aside further detail, it is enough to state that Rumania and Yugoslavia have come into line again with Czechoslovakia, and that the Pact of Organization will, in future, integrally express the collective aims and the policy generally of the Little Entente. The conference which was held at Sinaia, the beautiful and romantic summer capital of Rumania, on August 30-31, issued a long *communiqué* dealing with the political questions of the day in a truly broad and pacific spirit; but its most important result was the reaffirmation of the return of the Little Entente to France, which, though it was not put precisely in that way, was the pith and marrow of the speech made by M. Antonescu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister and the President of the conference, to the Press. And when he spoke of France it was Great Britain that was also and even more in his mind.

In an interview which he was so kind as to give me a fortnight before the conference, he said: "To-day the key of peace, not only in the Balkans, but on the continent, lies not here in Bucarest, in Belgrade or Prague, in Berlin, Rome or Paris, but in London." He could scarcely have used such language a year ago, for it would not have been true. But, as things stand, it is perfectly just. Similarly President Benesh in talking to me coupled England with France—this is the *addendum* of which I wrote above; "Czechoslovakia marches and will continue to march with France and England," he said, but I fancy that in his thoughts he may more likely say England and France. There is no secret respecting the why or how it is that England now occupies this premier place in Europe : it can be summarized in one word, rearmament. For the nations have assured themselves that British rearmament proceeds unremittingly on a gigantic scale, and with this ever-growing power the prestige of England has been restored. It is paradoxical, but British rearmament is unquestionably the greatest peace-factor in our distracted world ; after all, it is only another exemplification of the old Roman adage, "*Si vis pacem para bellum.*"

The Balkan Entente is in closest touch with the Little Entente, on which it is partly modelled. Established in 1934, it covers Greece and Turkey as well as Rumania and Yugoslavia. Its foundation, the Balkan Pact, signed by these four States, eliminates any danger of war among themselves and gives to each the guarantee of the others against attack by any Balkan State. It has set up a method of arbitration in all disputes and permanent machinery for political and economic co-operation. So far it has worked well. The recent agreement between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria is an excellent thing, as is that between Yugoslavia and Italy concluded last March, though there was some criticism of the manner of its negotiation. The latter pact naturally leads up to the Mediterranean question, and the merest glance at a map of the north-eastern side of that sea shows the high strategic value of Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey, as of Rumania via the Black Sea, so far as the defence of our "great arterial road" to the Indian Ocean is concerned.

FASCIST TRENDS IN BRAZIL.

BY ERNEST HAMBLOCH.

TWO years after the march of the Black Shirts on Rome, some Italian enthusiasts of the new régime gave a luncheon in Petropolis—the Simla of Rio de Janeiro—to commemorate the event. Among the guests was a Brazilian writer with a reputation for disconcerting repartee. In the middle of one of those oppressive silences which sometimes descend on a large gathering of people engaged in the serious business of eating in company, an Italian lady turned to him and said :

“ Don’t you think that Fascism is a form of government admirably suitable for Brazil ? ”

“ My dear lady,” replied the Brazilian *littérateur*, “ outside Italy the only rôle which Mussolini could fill would be that of a clown at a circus ! ”

But the Brazilian author, who was also a politician, had cleverly evaded the real issue which the questioner had raised. The Italian lady had not been far wrong indeed in implying that certain aspects of the fascist régime had long since been indistinguishable from the republican régime as practised in Brazil. That is one aspect of the question. There is also another consideration implied in the remark with which the Brazilian author startled his Italian hosts at the luncheon ; it was a reminder of the existence of Brazilian liberal traditions, which made it impossible to think of grafting fascism on to Brazilian institutions, except perhaps “ with a difference.” Both aspects are important for a proper appreciation of the fascist question in Brazil.

Ever since the declaration of the Republic in 1889 the dominating influences in Brazilian public administration have always been the personal wishes allied to the increasing power of successive presidents. To some extent the personal feature

of government may be said to be the outstanding characteristic common to all South American republics. In consciously modelling their republican constitutions on that of the United States, the young South American nations unconsciously perpetuated the very system from which they hoped to escape when they proclaimed their independence from the metropolis a century ago. The regal powers which the presidential republican régime conferred on the Head of the new republican state took the place of the viceregal authority emanating from Madrid and Lisbon. Nevertheless, it is misleading to attempt to condense into the tabloid form of a South American conspectus the social and political questions and the financial and economic problems of "Latin American countries." Approximate geographical terms are apt to lead to approximate political thinking.

Of all South American countries Brazil is perhaps the most individual. It is the one which has least in common with its neighbours. Its ethnical formation is different ; its historical traditions and political evolution are peculiar to it ; and its language is exclusively its own. The period of "colonial government" in Brazil was followed, not by a republic, as in other South American countries, but by a national monarchy. The Brazilian monarchy thus instituted following the declaration of Independence in 1822 lasted for sixty-seven years. Its political existence had its roots in the slow but constantly increasing growth of responsible parliamentary government. At a very early stage of Brazilian political development it was established as a guiding principle that the people was "sovereign" and not the Head of the State.

With such antecedents, the powers inherent in the office of the president of the republic, though they grew to be almost despotic, were never admitted as really normal by Brazilian public opinion. The republic was proclaimed in 1889 ; and, though each succeeding president assumed more and more power, it is a remarkable fact that only once has a Brazilian president been forcibly removed from office. That was in October, 1930, and even then the revolution was a bloodless one. The truth is that the parliamentary instinct is still strong in Brazil. It is because of that fact, and not (as might seem) in spite of it,

that Brazilians will sometimes submit to relatively long periods of dictatorial government.

The 1930 revolution was in essence a revolt against the practice by which outgoing presidents secured the "election" of the successor they favoured. But when Dr. Getulio Vargas, who had been the unsuccessful candidate in the official election of 1930, dethroned the president whom he had wished to succeed and assumed power by a *coup d'état*, he at once dissolved the Chambers in the Federal Capital and closed the elected Assemblies in each of the twenty autonomous states of the country. Thereafter he governed as dictator. But though Brazilians generally were prepared to give a sort of political power of attorney to a president-dictator they showed no disposition to make those powers irrevocable. In 1934 a new constitution was promulgated, and the constituent assembly elected Dr. Vargas president of the republic. But that too was felt to be a *coup d'état*, for it meant that Dr. Vargas would be (as he has been) in power for over seven years, and it looked likely that he would try and perpetuate himself in power indefinitely. There were revolts, which were suppressed. But to combat this opposition the President withdrew constitutional guarantees and governed under a "state of siege." Further revolts were then tinged with a mild colour of communism; whereupon a "state of war" was declared. It lasted from December, 1935 to June, 1937.

Though these successive measures of repression might seem to have removed from the ordinary citizen in Brazil every vestige of liberty, yet ordinary life went on in the usual way. There were, it is true, numerous arrests and imprisonments—many, perhaps most of them unjust. Under the "state of war" the Judiciary itself was powerless, and the citizen had no court to which he could appeal from arbitrary acts of the Executive. At length, after a year's delay, a special Revolutionary Court was set up which was to try political prisoners. But public opinion was still restive. Dr. Vargas was too astute a politician not to be fully aware that though he had coercive measures at his disposal it is impossible to govern the Brazilian nation by coercion. He acted swiftly and without warning. He let the "state of war" lapse. Simultaneously all political prisoners

awaiting trial (there were hundreds of them) were released *en bloc*, and the press censorship was abolished. At the same time the federal Congress and the Judiciary regained their full liberty of action. Communism, on which charge the political prisoners had been arrested, was found to be a myth, and not Public Enemy No. 1, as the Government had for so long proclaimed it.

Thus political life in Brazil, with its acrimonious press campaigns, was re-established in June, 1937, with as little fuss as when it had been interrupted seven years before.

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It is of some importance to have this traditional background in mind in any attempt to appraise the present-day influence of fascism in Brazil. That influence undoubtedly exists today. Its form is threefold : German, Italian and national. But the Brazilian, who has a keen sense of the ridiculous, sees Italian fascism in the person of its protagonist and is inclined to view many of its manifestations, as I have suggested, as the antics of a "clown at a circus." Latin affinities enable Brazilians to probe the shallowness of the Italian variety. They are not, however, disinclined to toy with Fascism's later, German form. The National Socialism of Herr Hitler has something metaphysically nebulous about it which appeals to Brazilians. It makes at any rate a speculative appeal.

There are, of course, historical reasons to account for the relative ease with which German ideas spread in Brazil. In the early years of the Brazilian monarchy religious orders in Brazil had fallen into disorder and were indeed in many cases little more than "disorderly houses." The imperial government of Brazil tried to arrange a *concordat* with the Vatican, with the object of withdrawing control of monasteries and convents from Rome. But Rome was obdurate. At length, in 1855, an imperial decree prohibited both the novitiate and the recruitment of new monks and nuns. Even at that period the reluctance of Brazilians to enter religious orders was noteworthy ; it is even stronger today. The 1855 prohibition was regarded as a matter of some gravity by the Vatican. The orders were rich, but the monks few ; and by a mortmain law when any monastery had no more monks its property passed *ipso facto* to the national patrimony. Immense fortunes thus threatened to pass from

the monasteries to the State. But it was in vain that Rome tried to re-open the novitiate or introduce foreign monks. The imperial government was adamant. By 1889, when the republic was proclaimed, many former ecclesiastical properties had come under state control and were being used for educational and other public services. In many respects indeed religious orders may be said to have been extinct. All that remained of them was a handful of septuagenarians dispersed among the last monasteries, where they mounted guard over property rights which could not but fall into mortmain on their death.

For her intervention as an "honest broker" in Brazil's negotiations with the Vatican—after the separation of Church and State—Germany's reward was that foreign monks sent to help re-populate Brazilian monasteries should be predominantly German. The first cardinal's hat in Latin America was therefore bestowed on the archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, Dom Joaquim Arcos Verde, a Brazilian. His immediate successor in the archbishopric, Dom Sebastião Leme, was also made a cardinal and is in office today. It was not, however, easy to recruit novices in Brazil. Moreover, that process required time. "Ready-made" foreign friars were required. But although the republican constitution admitted liberty of cults it prohibited the entry into Brazil of "beggars and individuals having no profession." Thus the entry of reverend gentlemen who proposed to live on public charity was barred. The difficulty was overcome by a Belgian friar, who was on good terms with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron do Rio Branco. He opened an immigration agency *sui generis* and brought to Brazil successive levies of German friars. There were also a few Austrian, Dutch and Belgian friars among them. They were all clad in civil costume and duly furnished with passports in which they figured as mechanics, carpenters, stonemasons and so forth. Once in Brazilian territory they easily obtained naturalization papers, for in those days there was a dearth of skilled labour in the country. But there still remained the question of introducing them into the monasteries; and it was here that the remnant of the Old Guard of monks offered an unexpectedly stubborn resistance—on patriotic grounds. But a new Benedictine abbot, John of the Purification, was

appointed to replace the unbending old John of the Mercies ; and the doors of Brazilian monasteries were thrown open to the German friars. There were public riots in protest ; but the occupation of Brazilian monasteries by foreign friars, mostly Germans, was an accomplished fact. The State thus lost several million pounds, of which the German monks gained the greater portion.

The activities of the German monks then knew no bounds. They became large owners of real estate ; opened schools and seminaries ; started industries and, under the cloak of missionary work among the Indians, organized agricultural developments in the interior. Shipping enterprise also engaged their attention. Their financial reserves enabled them to undertake banking operations, and their economic position in the country was unrivalled by any other foreign community.

The political influence of Germany in Brazil grew side by side with the economic influence of the German monks. Before the War the abbot of the Benedictines at Rio de Janeiro was Miguel Kruse. His influence was so great that the order was nothing less than a "state within a state." But, rich as the order had grown, it was hard hit by the War, for it mortgaged or sold large blocks of valuable urban properties to finance German propaganda in Brazil.

The advent of the Hitler régime in Germany meant the revival of pan-Germanism in Brazil—a revival which the German monks and clergy there did everything to foster. The great majority of parish *curés* and many bishops and archbishops in Brazil are foreigners and not Brazilians, owing to the aversion of young Brazilians from taking holy orders. It is true that recent differences between Berlin and the Vatican have created certain difficulties between the Church in Brazil and the Swastika. But in the meantime an enormous amount of propaganda work has been done among Brazilians in extolling the virtues of the Nazi régime, more especially in its claim to be the bulwark against Communism and therefore (in spite of Ludendorff and *paco* Wotan) a Christian régime. It is also to be noted that Germany's economic position in Brazil today is stronger than it ever was and that Germany is a large buyer of Brazil's products.

In scientific circles and more especially among the medical class German influence has long been predominant.

To sum up : the Nazi régime fascinates many Brazilians of all classes. To them it represents a virile form of government as exercised by a peculiarly virile people. They see in it the great outpost of civilization against the Red Communism of Moscow ; and in Moscow's balefully disintegrating influence many Brazilians allege they see a danger to their own country.

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Signor Mussolini's fascism on the other hand is something different in Brazilian eyes. To them there is nothing subtle, nothing mystic about it. It fascinates less : but its influence is in some ways stronger than Nazism. The number of Italians in the state of S. Paulo alone is not much short of one million, and the number of Brazilians of Italian descent is still greater. The Italian community is hard-working and thrifty, and many of its members are wealthy industrial magnates. But by no means all—perhaps at heart not even the majority of Italians in Brazil are fascists. It was indeed not until after the *Duce* had concluded the Lateran treaty with the Pope that the organization of fascist propaganda in Brazil began to bear fruit, for Italian priests share with their German *confrères* the predominating place among the clergy in Brazil.

General Badoglio, as he then was, was Signor Mussolini's first ambassador to Brazil and he always appeared in military uniform. Succeeding Italian ambassadors have enjoyed more and more influence in Brazilian governing circles. Italian anti-Fascists in Brazil were arrested and sent to Italy to be dealt with on a mere hint from the Italian Embassy. Indeed, the Cardinal Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, the Papal Nuncio and the Italian Ambassador are said (by their enemies) to wield the powers of a triumvirate in any matters that interest them in Brazilian political life. Be that as it may, there is every evidence of the existence of close understanding between the Brazilian Government, Rome and the Vatican. Italian fascism is now thoroughly well organized in Brazil and even lukewarm Italians dare not do otherwise than be fervent adepts, in appearance at any rate. Otherwise they would find their means of livelihood imperilled.

But Brazil has her own fascist chief too : Senhor Plinio Salgado, whom his adherents refer to as the *chefe nacional*. Until a few years ago he was an obscure lawyer, and when he started his national-fascist movement he was laughed at. Today he counts one million adherents. The cabbalistic sign of the Brazilian Integralists is the Sigma. The salute is an Indian word of doubtful meaning : *Anaué*. There is also the inevitable coloured shirt : olive-green in this case. The programme is a mixture of Fascism and Nazism, with the latter influence predominating. Its force is rather quantitative than qualitative, and not many intellectuals have joined it : but some have, an outstanding figure being Gustavo Barroso, an authority on Brazilian folk-lore who, as a member of the Brazilian Academy of Letters and the creator of a kindred "Kim," made the official speech of welcome to Rudyard Kipling when the latter visited Brazil some years ago.

Integralism is not only tolerated but on occasions supported by the Brazilian authorities. It is, however, not "popular" in Brazil, and least of all in the industrial town of S. Paulo where the working classes dislike Italian fascism but detest Brazilian Integralism. As recently as July 19th they broke up a monster march of Integralists there by firing on them. There were several killed and many wounded, though the Integralist leader escaped unhurt. Integralism is, nevertheless, a movement which has grown with great rapidity and shows signs of taking root in Brazil.

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There are thus two foreign and one national fascist movements in Brazil. They detest each other cordially. But their common rallying-ground is that they are all advocates of strong government by strong measures and, if need be, by violence. They all despise deliberative assemblies or any other form of parliamentary or representative government. (The Integralist chief is now a candidate for the forthcoming presidential vacancy. He is not in the least likely to be elected ; but it is significant that he will probably poll some 300,000 votes). There is nothing new in the fascist programmes and tenets in Brazil. Liberalism is for them, of course, mere weakness—a premium on feeble and corrupt administration and a sign of political and moral decadence.

Until recently, however, the influence of this triple fascist movement was not particularly profound, though it was sufficiently widespread to claim attention. Brazilian political traditions were against any respect being accorded to fascist ideas, even though these might be tolerated. But two events—one local and one foreign—have given a tremendous impetus to the fascist movement in Brazil.

As a result of the success of the revolutionary movement of 1930 Dr. Getulio Vargas took office as dictator. Political ideas behind that movement were confused and conflicting. In the eventual sorting out of men, ideas and places the dissatisfied formed an opposition which (often quite wrongly) was accused of communist leanings. It then became the custom, favoured by those in power, to stigmatize any criticism of "constituted authority" as communism. In 1935 there was a revolt against the government and there is no doubt that Brazilians with communist ideas participated in it. Automatically the strength of the triple fascist movement, which stood for anti-communism, grew in force, because Brazilians with liberal ideas could not afford even to appear to hesitate when the whole of Brazilian society was being arbitrarily classified by those interested into two camps only : one of fascist sheep and the other of communist goats.

But that summary division was being recognized as absurd and it was being urged that a man might be a good Liberal without being a Red Enemy of ordered society, when the Spanish civil war broke out. It was then that the Nazi-Fascist-Integralist movement came into its own in Brazil. To criticize any word or deed of General Franco's was out of the question. There was also the religious side. Brazilian youth is averse from entering seminaries ; but the Brazilian people is profoundly Roman Catholic. The distinction between anti-Christianism and anti-Clericalism was too nice a point to merit discussion. The general sentiment was, as it still is, that General Franco is not only engaged in a war against Red Terrorism and against the worst excesses of Russian Communism, but that he is the paladin of a holy crusade against godless bolshevism and against the bloody disrupters of ordered society. The whole of the Brazilian press reflects that tone. Germany

and Italy stand forth as the Defenders of the Faith (in spite of the religious question in Germany); France is the *advocatus diaboli*; Russia is the Devil; while England is a wily money-lender trying to make the best of both worlds. The origins of the conflict in Spain, its theocratic aspects, the cross-currents of national interests and self-interest, the profound and tragic incompatibilities which separate district from district, divide family from family, and pit father against son and brother against brother—all that is passed over.

In Brazilian eyes the whole question is a simple one of right and wrong. There can be no good, it is argued, in a liberalism which is leagued with the Prince of Darkness. Russia is beyond the pale, and France nearly so, while England is ruled by Jewish interests. The Brazilian is being taught that modern civilization emanates from Washington. Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy are heroes, playing the part of saving the little that is left of European civilization. To the average Brazilian fascism is the only live political force. Liberalism is not merely dead. It is out of date.

That attitude does not mean that the intelligent Brazilian wants any of the national or imported brands of fascism as the official form of government in his own country. His reasoning is rather to the effect that Communism is a bad thing and that any régime which openly combats it must be a good thing. Liberalism does not make a fetish of that fight, and parliamentary forms of government encourage communism to raise its head.

Fascism in its imported and national forms has thus gained ground for negative reasons in Brazil, and not because of any positive virtues. In the meantime Germany and Italy—already very strongly entrenched economically in Brazil—have gained much political ground through fascism. Whether they will be able to hold it is another question.

EBB AND FLOW.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

HUMAN enterprise has now gone far to destroy one of humanity's most notable achievements, by which every sea had been made into the cheapest of all highways. So long as civilization could police the world's waters, traffic went and came—with no charge for road repairs. Sea power **Sea Power and** meant that in time of war the use of this highway **the World's** could be enjoyed by allies and neutrals but **Highways** denied to an enemy—as in the World War it was denied to Germany. But Germany found a partial answer, and by the submarine was able very greatly to limit the advantage enjoyed by the holders of sea power. The common highway was made unsafe to all by a new and invisible peril. It is true that the English genius for maritime war, to which Germans have borne testimony, enabled England, at immense cost, to make submarine attacks very dangerous to the attackers. But since then the further menace from the air has developed most formidably, and it is clear that sea power, giving control of the water's surface, will never again be what it was when Britannia ruled the main.

America has insisted on a division of the supremacy : it is no longer possible for Britain to say what commerce shall pass free. But, apart from this, sea power as such is challenged. It does not now seem possible that the two most powerful fleets could keep the Mediterranean open at their will, simply by action at sea. They might deny the use of it to hostile Powers ; but they could at most ensure a very precarious passage for what they wanted to let through. One of the great franchises of modern civilization has been drastically curtailed.

What is more, as we are made to see, this modern piracy can operate undetected. The submarine destroys life and property and takes cover in the deep. Aircraft, unless brought down,

cannot be identified ; and the chances of bringing down a 'plane by gunfire from a moving platform are very small. War at sea which does not respect neutrals is a war against civilization ; and this was at least partly realized during Germany's U-Boat campaign. But the most demoralizing thing of all for civilization is a course of destruction unavowed by its lurking authors. What is happening in the Far East is lawless and savage enough, but at least Chinese and Japanese stand over their action. It is in the West, on the sea from which all European culture spread, that law itself has been shamelessly flouted.

Public feeling is easily directed against Italy because, in the first place, it has been shocked by the open avowal of

Lunatics Macchiavellian policy in the Abyssinian affair ;
at and this effect is heightened by the flagrant

Large contrast between Italy's nominal membership of a non-intervention Committee and the Duce's glorification of Italian triumphs in the Spanish war. One cannot, therefore, blame the British for unwillingness to accept any affirmation from Italy. But on the old principle of asking *Cui bono*—to whose advantage was it ?—how can we believe that Italy desires to drive England out of her neutrality ? Macchiavel might conceivably argue : “England is not yet at full strength, but will be a year later : France is distracted by internal anxieties.” This would be a possible line of policy, if Italy were determined on war with England, including certainly a war with France also. But that does not seem believable.

Italian and German commentators attribute these actions to Moscow—and indeed it is hard for a European to say what the surprising autocrat who rules Russia will stick at. But on general principles one would incline to believe that these actions of an almost lunatic activity have their origin in a country which has been torn for more than a year by civil war, and in which savagery has been unspeakable. I have been reading a book *Espagne '36-'37*,” in which M. Henri Clérisse, a war correspondent with long experience of Morocco, gives us not only his own impressions of Spain but those of other French observers. One of these writes forcibly of the “*mystique de la destruction* ” which he finds characteristic of the Spanish temper,

and best expressed in the anarchist battle-cry, "*Vive la Mort.*" Yet in truth, without seeking for any special madness in the Spanish character, one may say that civil war, into which the elements of religious or anti-religious fury enters, always produces lunatic action. It is most unlikely that either side in Spain has full control of subordinate officers ; submarines and aeroplanes alike are peculiarly difficult for any headquarters to oversee. Intolerable as these pirate raids are, one may be thankful to the British and French Governments for refusing to act until responsibility for the outrage is clearly fixed. The German example is an excellent one to avoid.

At the same time it should be noted that the London Press, having received with considerable scepticism the German report of a torpedo attack which missed, accepts without the least demur a British account of a similar attempt on a Destroyer. We need to keep our minds open. But in the meanwhile it is reassuring to know that English naval strength in the Mediterranean is being raised to a point which will by itself be impressive, and, taken in conjunction with the French fleet, decisive.

British Naval strength cannot, nowadays, be decisive in the same moment at all points; and preoccupation with the Medi-

Asia coming **into** **China.** Quite conceivably the Government is a little relieved to have so good a reason for cautious

Her Own policy. If Europe and the United States were willing to act together to prevent Japan from using the International Settlement as a bridge-head for conquest in China, no doubt, intervention could be rapid and effective to the point of exacting heavy penalties. That, however, is far from being the case, and Japan may be cautious enough to avoid producing such a united front. Yet it is worth while to consider how the situation must look to an active Japanese patriot. There is, of course, a nationalism of Japan, as distinct from all others. But there is also a sentiment of the Asiatic against the European. Long ago I chanced to meet two Indian missionary Christians, man and wife. English was their common language: when they first met they did not know each other's native speech. It surprised me to hear them rejoice because there was in Afghanistan a second centre forming where Asiatics could produce their own armament. "Were

they for Japan?" I asked. Certainly they said, because it was Asiatic.

Consider how Shanghai must look to an Asiatic. It is a commercial Gibraltar, held by Europe in the Far East. Because it is commercial, it has given as well as taken, it has been worth a great deal to China, and Japan has had its full share of the advantages. None the less it is a European stronghold in Asia. It seems to me inevitable that Japan should feel herself able to carry on that lead in material civilization which Europe has given to China, and should count on the sympathy which would arise among all Asiatics for an Asiatic Power that could displace the Western foreigner. If Japan can disregard completely all the European interests at Shanghai, can break up their vast establishments in the interest of her military necessity, is it not likely that her leaders may count on gaining not only prestige in the East but, in the long run, a strong backing? Is it not possible that they may be right? Those who know China are aware of the friendship which exists between educated Chinese and the Europeans whom they know and like. They know also the angry hatred with which the Japanese are regarded. But a Chinese observer living in France would be well aware of the violent detestation which the partisans of the Right feel for the partisans of the Left, and those of the Left for the Right. Yet Left and Right in France close up their ranks against the Germans. It has seemed to us all an ugly mockery that the Japanese should vote a credit of a hundred millions to be spent in making China regard them with friendship. Yet, suppose that money is spent in a successful challenge to European power in China, will it still seem only a mocking claim to sympathy? Italy has already demonstrated by her challenge to Great Britain the limits of sea power. Japan may have seized the occasion to prove by actual trial what was already recognized in theory—that the navies of Europe and of America will not risk themselves close to the bases of Japanese submarines and Japanese aircraft. Japanese supremacy in the Far East can in fact only be challenged by the European Power which is also Asiatic—and perhaps more really Asiatic than European—the vast federated power of the Russias.

In short, wherever one looks now, it is the same problem all over Europe and Asia ; for in America happily there is not the **the Prejudice** same urgent menace. On the one side, skilful **in favour of** military preparation, monopolizing the nation's **Liberty** whole resources, and making the appeal which is proper to all army leaders—the appeal to pride of prowess. On the other, a desire to preserve that individual freedom and variety of life out of which European civilization has grown. But the whole struggle is complicated by Russia's existence, for in Russia the regimentation of life is more drastic perhaps than in either Japan, Germany or Italy : the individual has less rights here against the State ; in Russia, as Mr. A. L. Rowse has pointed out in some able letters to *The Times*, the aim is not National, but International.

Fascism, we are told, is not an article of export, and it is highly probable that neither Italy or Germany desires to see France or Great Britain organized on the principles which Germany and Italy have adopted. The Nationalist dictatorships believe in the efficiency of their own methods and think that democracy in other lands makes their objects more attainable. Russia, on the other hand, is, as we all know, a propagandist of Russian ideas and desires to see not only Italy and Germany but England and France delivered from their existing prejudices. The most inveterate of these prejudices is that which connects the idea of private property with the idea of personal freedom. Roughly speaking, the purely European Dictatorships say to the individual! "March, in order that your nation may be strong enough to hold what it has and later may take what it wants ! " The semi-European is less concerned to persuade, but says also "March, that the world may belong to the workers, without distinction of nations or language." This appeal undoubtedly carries further, as it is less limited in its address : it reaches in all countries the generous minds who think the profits of labour ill-distributed. Perhaps for that reason a very intelligent Frenchman whom I have been reading recently, is more concerned about the danger to freedom which springs from it than about either the Fascist or the Nazi menace. M. Roland Dorgèles describes in his "*Vive la Liberté !*" the impressions which he gathered in a visit to Russia, Italy and

Germany—with some observations on the “Danubian dictatorships” in Austria and Hungary. Here is his conclusion.

“In Germany there is not such a thing as Nazism : there is Hitler. In Italy there is no such thing as Fascism : there is Mussolini. The system which these men established cannot survive their founders. But Bolshevism already holds a sixth part of the world under its control, and threatens spread.”

And since Bolshevism is in his judgment “the most iniquitous, the most cruel and the most degrading rule ever imposed on Europe,” it leads, he holds, either to a dictatorship like what Moscow suffers, or to a reaction which produces Rome or Berlin.

Vive la Liberté in its denunciation of the state of things in Russia does not carry so much weight as Mr. Andrew Smith’s “*I was a Soviet Worker*,” for Mr. Smith was not only an actual worker but a Slav-speaking Slovak, Americanized ; still, M. Dorgèles is a good observer and an excellent writer. It is not clear on the face of his book why he should regard the Soviet régime as more durable than Hitler’s or Mussolini’s. Yet all the book implies that Bolshevik ideals elicit sympathy in the freest countries, because they at least do homage to that deeply-rooted craving for justice which makes itself felt when long-established order gets a rude shaking. After all, both he and the ex-worker agree in avoiding argument ; what they set out to show is that in Bolshevik Russia, justice counts for less than elsewhere. M. Dorgèles shows it gleefully, Mr. Smith shows indignantly ; but neither of them leads one to believe that Russia would be formidable in a military sense except by sheer mass. Efficiency rests with the Dictatorships that have real ideal but efficiency.

Beyond all doubt life in the free countries seems to be better worth living. The formidable question is whether free life will

The Responsibility of be able to maintain itself in this menace of **simplifications** of militarized multitudes. M. Dorgèles writes that

Freedom insist on the need for unity in France : a freedom that shall tolerate diversity of opinions ; and he is frightened when he sees each side in France out to gag and handcuff the other.

In England there is a different problem. At the Trade Union Congress Mr. Bevin, admitting the need for rearmament,

went on to argue that if money could be found for guns, money could be found for all social needs. It is not yet clear to the Labour Party that, in a world where other nations are paying both in purse and in person, England must pay a good deal more than cash for what she wants. Every French working-man, like every French bourgeois gives two years of his life to the army, virtually unpaid. England has to provide the equivalent out of taxation, engaging professional defenders of freedom—whose service is supplemented in some small measure by voluntary patriotism. I do not know that England can be considered a freer country than France because it has no obligation of national service. Conscription was adopted in France and is maintained in France as a democratic measure, one serious application of *Egalité* and *Fraternité*. If France to-morrow abandoned conscription or shortened her period of national service (which he has just lengthened), liberty in England would be considerably less secure than it is. The French know their need of England. The English are only beginning to be aware of their need for France to stand by them. They are not yet aware how much that need is increased by the inventions which have lessened the predominance of sea power, and how paramount the need for protection around her become.

Meantime the two dictators are to meet in Germany. Both are in fine oratorical fettle, so much so that it is to be expected

**Caliban
Speaks**

both will limit themselves on the occasion to a few toasts—since a conflict in eloquence is to be avoided. Already Herr Hitler has outlined the

European situation, as he sees it, in a harangue at Nuremberg which started with three asseverations. First of them was this sentence : "The Treaty of Versailles is dead." He is mistaken. The dead Treaty is that of Brest Litovsk which lives only in records that show with what generosity Germans used their conquest! Under the Treaty of Versailles, Poland exists, Czechoslovakia exists, and Alsace-Lorraine is rejoined to France : under the Treaty of Versailles Italian troops hold the Brenner. But, if Herr Hitler means that Germany does not regard the Treaty of Versailles as binding in any sense on Germany—well, we knew that before, but it is no harm to be reminded. It

would be well if he told us which treaties can be counted on as living if Germany chooses to pronounce them as dead.

A feature of the Nuremberg display was a large map showing Russia belching out flames which lit up sympathetic bonfires

Ireland at many points of Europe, but left Germany and **in Reflective** Italy unscathed. One of these points was Ireland

Mood where I write. Actually, the temperature keeps reasonably low here—though it is true that a building strike has held up all work in Dublin for about six months. The workmen do not suffer much, as many have migrated to England, where labour is in demand and there will be all the fewer to compete for jobs when work is resumed. But meantime there are fifteen thousand families in Dublin with no more than one room to live in : the Corporation would like to get on with their housing schemes, but cannot. This would not be possible in Italy, where neither a strike or a lock-out is permitted (the judge by what M. Dorgèles writes, Dublin employers would be even less pleased with Fascist methods than their workmen) and it has to be admitted that labour disputes in Ireland are very common and highly uneconomic. But nobody minds a great deal. There was a fine hurling match at Killarney in September, the Dublin Horse Show in August did well, and the tourist season has been successful. It is only the idealists who grumble. Some of us think that Ireland by pursuing Mr. Cosgrave's line might have been by now so efficiently prosperous as to make "Ulster" think seriously of union ; and we are disappointed to see the gap between North and South widened in order that Mr. de Valera may diminish that other gap which shows between him and his left wing, the pure Republicans. People recall the disillusioned period that followed the Parnell split. Notably enough, there has been revived at the Abbey Theatre a play which Mr. Lennox Robinson wrote in 1921 called "The Lost Leader." It was based on the old superstition that Parnell never really died ; and it assumes the finding of him, living obscurely under an assumed name, in a lonely inn, and (under hypnotic influence) letting his name come out. How the "lost leader" proposed to come back, and in what spirit he meant to lead, is set out, with admirable mixture of comedy

and tragic invention : it should be revived in London, where many Irish plays of less merit (including some by the same author) have succeeded. But my interest is in the fact that, whereas in 1920 it had a doubtful reception, it was played last month to crowded houses, and the advertised run was extended. Much was due to Mr. Devlin's playing in the central part. He had some resemblance to Parnell's brother as an old man ; none to Parnell as my generation knew him. In truth the personage he recalled was George Russell ; and what he declaimed as his political philosophy was undiluted "A.E." But it was not the less interesting for that. Ireland is reconstructing an ideal Parnell. It has already begun to look for the real O'Connell, who was first over-belauded and then unduly despised.

That is true also of another Irish figure, Tom Moore. Up till about 1890, an Irish nationalist would never have spoken

The Minstrel Boy of him without homage. Then came the new movement, and W. B. Yeats and his allies disliked Moore's sugared rhythms and facile sentiment even more than Macaulay's rhetoric of the "Nation" group. It became the fashion to quote Byron's saying that "Tommy dearly loved a Lord." I am glad to see that Mr. L. A. G. Strong is now doing much needed justice in his "*Minstrel Boy*." Byron was a lord and also a man of genius, but he did many things like a cad ; Moore was a little Dublin grocer's son, who never was ashamed of his people ; and in every way he was a valiant and lovable little gentleman. It would be ungracious of me to find fault with Mr. Strong who has been very flattering about a book I wrote half a life-time ago on Moore ; and we are generally in agreement. But he holds, I think unfairly, that Moore "failed Byron" by consenting to the destruction of Byron's Memoirs. Moore, a needy man, stood to gain two thousand guineas, if the thing was published. All Byron's nearest friends, including Augusta Leigh, were for the burning. It was a case in which any author who was not of large fortune must incur odious charges if he opposed the other opinions. Mr. Strong admits that Moore never doubted that he had done right ; and certainly if the Memoirs had been published, he

would have bowdlerized them severely. I think also, that since Moore is derided for his exultation when the Prince of Wales accepted the dedication of his Poems, it should be made clear that the Prince was then the hope of all Irish Catholics ; and (as Mr. Strong makes clear) the Irish Catholic cause was the whole of Moore's political faith. But having made these objections, I commend with joy a most readable book which gives an honest portrait of a lovable and gifted writer, in whom there was a vein of genius, emerging only when allied to the traditional Irish airs. Mr. Strong writes of the Melodies at once as a fine critic of literature and as a musician. He has also just appreciation for some delightful things in Moore's lighter verse. If only Moore had left only a few of these and half a dozen Melodies (not necessarily only the best) and had been a drunken wastrel, reeling from one ginshop to another, Lord, what a genius he would be counted to-day! But a poet has to be securely in the first class before he can afford to be respectable ; and even then it is a disparagement to him.

A postscript must be added to these notes. Mazaryk's death should set all Europe thinking. His life work was to bring about the resurrection of his own nation, but it was work for the general cause of freedom in Europe. The amazing influence which he exercised was exercised among a free people. He built a fabric which Europe cannot allow to be destroyed without a sacrifice of those ideals for which millions died in the Great War—and the English speaking races sent their full share. Who doubts today that Masaryk's work is menaced ? It is not only Masaryk's people who are concerned that it shall stand.

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The impetus for the supply of capital
and the character of its destination or
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scholarly, thorough, and practical
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like to the economic student and the
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changes, and of other interest rates, and
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mainly through its power to throw
weight into short and long term con-
ditions respectively. It gives little
support to Mr. Hawtrey's view that the
cost of holding merchant stocks is the
critical dynamic in the trade cycle.
Mr. Grant's description of the course of
financial events since 1919, and of the
influence first of public finance, and
then of exchange considerations, upon
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analysis. He then describes the long-
term capital market, with valuable
statistical material concerning new

issues, and brings out the necessity for
new types of machinery to finance small
home industrial units adequately, in an
area which lies in between short term
banking facilities, and the full resources
of the Stock Exchanges and issuing
houses. Something is said of the
expense of various methods, and the
ultimate fate of many new issues, but
the modern significance of linked sub-
underwriting, which makes poor issues
ride upon the backs of good ones and
pools the risks ; of staggering, which
creates fictitious views of prospects ; of
staggering, which makes order and
regulation of issues an integral feature
of successful flotation, are not fully
developed. Years ago an issue could
remain open for several days without
excitement or without a verdict of
success or failure. Today it must
close snappily, or would collapse with
withdrawals and suspicion. The new
institutions and also the finance of new
housing are well described. Mr. Grant
foresees a considerable reduction in the
need for new investment coming up
against a reluctance for contraction in
the volume of "precautionary savings"
and this conflict may increasingly
invoke the intervention of the State,
for the "safety first" hunters will not
and cannot be invoked to finance
economic experiment. Just as this
work by one of our rising young
economists is a welcome sign of individualism,
so the volume on International Investment is a fine example
of the new type of team work fostered
by the Institute of International Affairs.
A group of five (including Mr. Grant
himself) with Mr. H. D. Henderson as
Chairman, and Messrs. A. W. Snelling
and J. F. Cahan, the group Secretaries

mainly responsible for the report, have produced a substantial volume of great value. Many authorities have been called to counsel, and it would be difficult to conceive a work better adapted to lay bare the intricacies of the profound changes which have taken place in the development of international investment. Part I. describes the post-war changes due to the search for exchange stability, to tariff policy, self sufficiency and economic nationalism. The general conclusion is that the mutual advantages which further international specialisation has to offer are less conspicuous than they formerly were, and the scope for international investment is correspondingly reduced. Nevertheless, the scope should remain considerable and the part it plays should be constructive, to be conducted "with care, and through appropriate channels." This view indicates that even this comparatively individualistic function is being added to those areas over which the shadow of regulation, if not planning, is being thrown, whether we like it or not. The book gives a ruthless exposure of unsound policy in lending abroad, but at the same time refrains from exaggerating the losses incurred

by the creditors. It emphasises the social and reconstructing influences even in those adventures which were proved financially weak in the upshot and rightly contrasts the resultant state of affairs with what might have been the conditions if the helping hand had not been given at all. The dilemmas of internal price stability versus external exchange stability, the influences of a changing rate of growth of population upon agricultural suppliers, the effect of new production technique, and the craze for securing defence rather than opulence, are well worked into the factual texture of the book and also its analytical conclusions. One is bound to reflect that the present moment is about the best time for balanced and candid retrospect and for a rational forward view that we have had or are likely to get, and that this particular treatment represents the best consensus of view in both directions that it is possible to have. The first half of the book is a complete review of world tendencies, not unduly oppressed by factual material, whereas the second half is a highly detailed collection of material from many sources showing the particulars of the balance of payments and the character of the investments of the creditor countries and the exact position of each of the debtor countries. Whether for the economics student, or for those taking a practical interest in the overseas investment position, the treatment is full enough to be of real value. At the same time, it is functional rather than anatomical—some other volume must get into the way in which bond default committees work and reach their decisions, something comparable with the inside details of the reports of the Securities and Exchange Commission of Washington.

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I CHOSE TEACHING, by Ronald Gurner. Dent. 10s. 6d.

ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE, by S. P. B. Mais. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

MY FATHER'S SON, by Giles Playfair. Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.

A man's career is more often the affair of chance than of choice ; and the days are long past when every father was asked by his friends, " What are you going to make of your son ? " Nowadays our sons set out upon their own careers ; but how strong a hand accident plays in the game, every honest autobiography attests. Here are three characteristic examples, and the rail of chance is over them all.

Mr. Ronald Gurner's title suggests that he chose teaching ; it would perhaps be more accurate to say that teaching chose him. Being forced by failure of health to resign the idea of entering the I.C.S., he was still at a loose end after Oxford, when Haileybury offered him a temporary post as a classical master. He accepted with misgivings, but within a month knew for certain that he " was completely happy in front of a class of boys." Yet he could not settle down, returned to Oxford, and was again in the doldrums, when an offer came from Clifton College. So he " drifted into teaching " in a haphazard fashion, found his feet, and kept them for the rest of his career. Now, looking back upon it all, his experiences crystallize into " a book of heartfelt testimony to what is, to some at least, a peerless calling."

Indeed, Mr. Gurner's is an honest, open-minded record of twenty-five years' work in various kinds of school, an

absolutely sincere attempt to face up to the problems of the schoolmaster, who has certainly during the last half century become more and more alive to the physical, mental, and moral complexities of the average human boy. Standards and ideals of pedagogy have been revolutionized. The Rugby tradition of " a beast, but a just beast," no longer satisfies master, parent, or boy. Just how much of compromise and consideration hangs to the schoolmaster's daily curriculum Mr. Gurner's sound, frank, and long-sighted autobiography abundantly suggests.

It would be no exaggeration to say that every side of public school life, both within its own gates and in reference to its enemies without, is reviewed in Mr. Gurner's vigorous chapters. The moods of adolescence, the tests of temperament, the virtues (and vices) of the prefectorial system, the organization of games, the tyranny of examinations, the training of character, no less than of intellect, in these critical, formative years—all these obligations of the teacher are sifted with judgment and discrimination. " Who is sufficient for these things ? " The task is tough, and the roll of failures long. It would be much shorter if there were more men like Mr. Gurner among the too-easily complacent ranks of the educationalists.

Mr. S. P. B. Mais has also been a schoolmaster, and a brilliantly inspiring one at that ; but he has been so many other things as well that his autobiography glitters like a kaleidoscope of careers. If he has been everything by starts and nothing long, he has brought indomitable zest to every

fresh departure. "I was enthusiastic about everything," he says; and his enthusiasm carries him triumphantly through a chaos of changing fortunes. He began schoolmastering at eighteen, but after two years he escaped to Oxford and "The House." There he became a double running Blue; helped to burn down the Pageant Stand, when his college went head of the river; took a Third in the Schools, but earned the praise of dons, and the friendship of many useful people. He was next a master (in turn) at Rossall, which he disliked; at Sherborne, which he adored; and at Tonbridge, whose headmaster lamented his departure in a copy of valedictory verses parodying Browning. The chance of a post at Cranwell had proved too tempting, although it was scarcely the job for which Mr. Mais's eager qualities were best suited. The authorities grew alarmed by his revolutionary independence, and he had to go. Through all these changes and chances Mr. Mais preserves an amazing good humour. He took with "a frolic welcome" the thunder no less than the sunshine, and turned his face to Fleet Street. With chameleon-like versatility he adapted himself to reviewing, interviewing, leader-writing, and news-hunting, but in nine years he was on and off the staff of three daily papers, and the pace was getting a bit too hot, even for a cross-country Blue. He had written novels, "partly in the train, and partly in the office"; but there was not a very lucrative living in them. So he supplemented his income by lecturing, and attracted the notice of the B.B.C. His popularity as a broadcaster was universal, and well-deserved. It brought other engagements, and life began to glow. Still, it has all been a breathless business; and its record, now in narrative, now in dialogue, but always in a galloping hurry, is sufficiently breathless also. Good nature however, bubbles up everywhere. He has had reverses which he might be excused for resenting; but nothing

disturbed his equanimity. A kaleidoscope of careers indeed; and he is still a young man as age goes nowadays. What world will conquer him next? He tells us that the one who probably knows him best once said that his epitaph would be: "Here lies the man who had no time to live." It is not perhaps a final estimate. But there is something in it.

Mr. Giles Playfair leads off with the admission that he is only twenty-six years old; and (by inference) that his career is all before him. But, he adds "I want to write about my father" and his filial theme provides him with the story of a career, and the study of a personality, of infinite interest and variety. Everyone knows something of Sir Nigel Playfair's gallant enterprise at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith few, perhaps, even of his intimate friends, had the key to his heart, or realized the swift, temperamental vicissitudes which underlay his genial humour, and superficially inexhaustible optimism. His son, who seems to have been abnormally precocious from the nursery onward, may not always have been at one with his father's enthusiasm and depressions; but he understood and appreciated their sincerity, and his portrait will stand as an illuminating essay in sympathetic interpretation.

As for its setting, in the encircling web of the son's personal revolt against normal discipline and restraint, its effect must be left to the taste and patience of the individual reader. Mr. Giles Playfair reveals himself as a puzzle to his companions, and a tetchy test-case for schoolmasters. Some readers will be repelled by his obstinate irreconcilability; but his persistent independence, and his bouts of self-consciousness, self-pity, and self-praise offer a rather pathetic appeal to the psychologist of adolescence. He has yet perhaps to find his favouring chance. Meanwhile he has already learnt enough of the ordeal of life to furnish his future with capacity and courage.

AN OUTSTANDING NOVEL

By RICHARD CHURCH.

THE THIRD HOUR, by Geoffrey Household. Chatto & Windus.
8s. 6d.

This interesting novel shows us the odd coincidence of a writer who is both an artist and a man with a mission. I believe, and I hope, that the artist will prevail over the man with a mission. The latter is already tentative, and though it is he who has dictated the motive for the book, and who writes the last few chapters and the epilogue, the artist does all the work and commands the reader to admiration.

Let us get rid of the missionary first. He comes to set the world right. His proposal is to found a new order of aristocrats, men and women who will not be particularly ascetic because they will be allowed the sexual and academic freedom permitted to lesser and frailer brethren. But they will be, like Plato's legislators, removed from the scramble for money. That is all. But that is everything. It makes a man a different order of being. It changes his biological form. It gives him two heads like Janus, and makes his hands as quiet as those of Buddha. Mr. Household the Missionary recruits this aristocracy from the wanderers, the people who have failed to fit into the commercial machine or, having fitted, have grown weary and rebellious against the monotony of efficient money-making. A Russian aristocrat and his odalisque wife; a Spaniard who has been a train-wrecker in South America (and thereby provided the capital to start the monastery to house the new religion); an English public-schoolman who has been banker, bagman, and very attractive Don Juan; his first love, an Austrian girl who starved after the war and later

became a Countess and a zealot of Nazi-ism; another Englishman recruited from the lower middle-class, ex-soldier and now working in the office of a firm of toy-manufacturers; a chartered accountant from the City; an old Jewish merchant from the East End; and a family of Italian peasants; these constitute the nucleus of the brotherhood which is to convert the world from all its social ills and such false experiments as Fascism, Communism, and *laissez-faire*.

It is all rather vague, but none the worse for that. Like the politics of most wise and therefore impractical people, it is somewhat weary and above the *mélée*. The author, speaking through his Aristocracy of the Unfortunate (what one of his people calls *The Infeliz*) says: "I'm the man in the street. To me communists, Nazis and democratic politicians are equally a nuisance. I know it's wrong, and offensive to everybody, to lump them all together, but I do. I want the world of 1913, when no Europeans, except a few cranks, gave a damn how they were governed so long as the pay came in on a Saturday and they were reasonably free to drink and read what they wanted, make love when they felt like it, and travel where they pleased." To that I say "Amen," with a sigh for a happy, rule-of-thumb existence which has been banished by the triumphant rule of the machine.

After all, I have given this wretched missionary most of the space. Such is the false proportion into which modern life divides our interests. Well, as for the artist—I can only assure the reader that here is a novelist in the grand manner; a writer full of inven-

tiveness, rich and intuitive in characterisation, with a gift for setting his people down in a world full of colour, perfume, sound and movement. The author's imagination draws upon a rich fund of experience. Civil wars in the South American republics; post-war Vienna dying of banker-tubercle; stodgy but safe old London with its solid business houses where a man works for twenty years and is then encouraged to go further by the half-promise of a seat on the Board; Spain of bloody revolution and of age-old and dream-enriched slumber; Paris the centre of civilization; the life of the English business agent all over the world; all of these are familiar and first-hand with Mr. Household. And above all, he is an artist in his treatment of love between men and women; one might say a French artist, for he has no false shyness or inhibitions. He writes of the intimacies of lovers as Balzac wrote of them, discovering the spirit of grace in the physical gesture, and the eternal significance in the carnal act.

Politics, love, greed, and the cunning and never-ceasing struggle for power; these are the motives in this book; and they are never neutralized by generalization. They live as individual and therefore curiosity-provoking experiences, the fine fruits of a truly creative mind. This is a book which in a year's time I shall gladly re-read.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM, by Edward Yarnall Hartshorne, Jr. *Allen and Unwin*. 6s.

When the National Socialists seized power in Germany one of their first preoccupations was to gain control of the educational system and in particular of the universities and *Hochschulen*.

This was in part due to the German tradition, in which the universities enjoy much more influence in the formation of public opinion than they do in this country. The left-wing governments of post-war Germany are said to have felt that if they could win

the universities they could win everything to their side. The Nazi attitude was rather different. If, they felt, they could crush resistance in the universities, they could crush it throughout.

They had another motive. Many of their most vociferous supporters were to be found among the unemployed middle classes and in the overcrowded intellectual professions. These expected some immediate alleviation of their problems, and they found it in part through the replacement from their ranks of the Jewish or non-Aryan or "politically unreliable" elements in these professions, and particularly in the universities, of whom the Nazis took the opportunity to be rid.

This, of course, is the aspect of the German university situation which has received most attention abroad, but it by no means constituted the whole of the Nazi programme for the universities. It was accompanied and succeeded by a much more positive *Eingliederung* of the university system into the State organism. The universities were to be brought once more into close touch with the daily life of the *Volk*. Their work was to be directed to furthering the practical achievements of the Third Reich, and to the "training for leadership" of the next generation of leaders.

In practice this meant that the universities were to be incorporated in the party machinery, and brought more directly into the control of the Party and the State. The work was undertaken with great thoroughness, and curiously enough the most difficult part of it was found to be the reduction of the independence of the students. The students' corps had been, before 1933, one of the most active nationalist elements in the state and had contributed in no small degree to the rise of the Nazi party. They were accustomed to feel themselves the advance-guard in the nationalist revolution, and they did not take kindly to the subordinate position assigned to them in the party. They had defied the

uthority of the democratically minded faculties. The new faculties had the whole weight of state and party behind them. When it came to discipline, they found that the little finger of the Nazis was thicker than the loins of the democrats. The struggle went on for almost two years before the last of the free student corps was dissolved, and the new Nazi *Studentenschaft* was left without competition.

In the faculties there was less opposition, though here and there a voice was raised to suggest that the subordination of scientific integrity to the demands of indoctrination in the party creed was not the best service that German scientists could render to Germany. There is no space here to describe the petty tyranny with which such demands were enforced and are still being enforced. Its direct effect on the curriculum of the schools was considerable. Its indirect effects may be gauged to some extent from the decree issued by the Minister of Education prescribing certain measures which had been necessitated by an "unpleasant circumstance," tending to injure the potentialities and prestige of German science, namely, the falling-off in the subscriptions to German scientific periodicals. Anyone aware of the past pre-eminence of such periodicals must feel the pathos of such an admission.

For this whole process Mr. Hartshorne gives chapter and somewhat laborious verse, and his book is a most valuable work of reference on the subject. If it is somewhat less wholesale in its condemnation of the new methods than many people would like, the total effect of its piling up of detail is the more overwhelming. The author does his best to be fair to the Nazis, and he finds a certain virtue in the greater discipline of the students, in their sense of purpose and attention to physical fitness. But the best justification which he can find in the end is not a justification but an excuse, the responsibility of the victors of Versailles for the desperate situation to which National Socialism is the desperate reaction.

A.M.W.

FAREWELL SPAIN, by Kate O'Brien. Illustrated with drawings by Mary O'Neill. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

A book by Kate O'Brien is always likely to be worth reading, and this travel-book of hers certainly comes up to that standard, if only for the sake of its contradictions; not indeed contradictions of fact, but those of implication. It would be unfair, perhaps, to expect anything else, as Miss O'Brien is tinged with the bitter pessimism and doubt of the child of the twentieth century that sees, or thinks it sees, the inevitable dissolution of all it holds dear.

There is just now a spate of pessimistic travel-books, a new feature in the world of English topographical literature, which has become accustomed to mainly objective travel impressions. Now, however, that the very existence of *turismo* is threatened, anguish sheds its tears on the travel-pages. Miss O'Brien regards the death of *turismo* as inevitable, either from an all-destroying cataclysm, or from the drab uniformity which appears to be the only other alternative.

It is refreshing to get away from the political side of a work of this kind (necessarily a murky business) to the essentially Spanish side. What is specially welcome is the change of scene from the almost inevitable Andalusian picture: the North of Spain is far less tourist-ridden, far more seldom described, and far more frankly Spanish than the South. An appreciation of the glorious golden stone that ranges from Santiago to Toledo, and farther, is a most happy touch, and it is perfectly correct to say that the colour has little to do with the sunshine. The material is what matters. Heaven forfend that we should suggest an alteration in a fellow-traveller's time table, but why did these travellers take that long and dreary journey from Santiago to Avila without a break? We could have wished them a halt at Astorga, for there they might have met a pharmacist whose urbanity is such that he must have been educated in the College of Pharmacy at Santiago.

Borrow and Gautier are excellent in their way as writers on Spain ; but Miss O'Brien shows no sign of having read Ford, who, for all his irritatingly robust protestantism, is a healthy corrective to anyone with gloomy illusions about Spain to-day. Still, her word-pictures of Santiago, and of Avila, with its saint-heroine, are strong and true, especially the latter ; and the analysis of Philip II. at the Escorial is shrewdly fair, though marred by a too free use of the jargon of to-day. The opening sentence of the Escorial chapter sent us hurrying off to verify our own recorded impressions on the subject, and we were relieved to see that they would escape Miss O'Brien's censure. But then we had the unfair advantage of having seen Mafra first ; and it is only just to say that the astonishing lines of the Escorial must come as a shock to those who have met nothing of the kind before. Of the Bull Fight Miss O'Brien is an *aficionada*, but she does not attempt to force her own taste on her readers ; on the contrary she gives us what has rarely been attempted before—a really fair account of the reactions of that remarkable spectacle on various types of spectator.

Miss O'Brien shows here and there the amiable vanity of the well-read and cultured English traveller ; being an Irishwoman she ought to know better. She is made uncomfortable by the unregenerate tourists who are moved to laughter in the Escorial, when, as a self-confessed "libertarian" she should delight that they had the chance of visiting it.

A final plea for doomed *turismo* : are not such travellers as these, and the "Cockney rowdies" to whom the genteel take such exception in Switzerland and elsewhere, the forerunners of a new travelling class, just as the bourgeois traveller succeeded the "grand tourist" of the 18th century ? It will be long before they find the world as uniform as their suburban streets ; and the spirit of the Escorial (or the Matterhorn, or what you please) will conquer them in the long run.

L. R. MUIRHEAD.

JOHN CORNELIUS : His Life and Adventures. Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

UNDER CAPRICORN. Helen Simpson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

DOWN THE PROUD STREAM. Carl Fallas. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Sir Hugh Walpole's novel, which is rich and full, may be filleted as follows : John Cornelius, ugly, affectionate, grotesque, the son of a washerwoman, has a gift for telling stories, and longs to develop it. He comes from Glebe-shire to London, with his singing voice and his knack of making friends, and tries to succeed in literature. The theatre will have none of him, and his novels would have done little better had it not been for his friends. A wealthy girl marries and tries to mould him. Then, just as things are looking desperate, a book of fairy tales makes a huge success, and, his eyes opened, John finds content in this, his first gift, and those regions of which it makes him free.

This fable, as will at once be seen, is central to Sir Hugh's art. Mr. F. L. Lucas has defined "romantic" in literature as involving "a liberation of the less conscious levels of the mind." In this sense, Sir Hugh has always been a romantic novelist, deriving from Coleridge and Hawthorne, and passionately interested in the artist's self-adjustment to the world of things. This novel is an important step in his development. I confess to a slight impatience with its occasionally apologetic note, and with all the apparatus of friends and critics with which it is unfolded to the reader, not because these things are maladroit from the novelist's angle—they are often very adroit indeed—nor because they fail to entertain, for they are often very amusing : but because Sir Hugh knows, as Cornelius knows, that he must surrender utterly to his gift, and the surrender may now be public as well as private. The lesson of *John Cornelius*, if I read it aright, is that, for artists of this type (Sir Hugh's own), fulfilment and solution lie in surrender to their own intuition—intuition here

meaning imaginative contact with reality as a whole. Their temptation and danger lie in attempting to meet the world with its own weapons : a skill at which they are often only too apt. Artists of this type try to succeed by their will power and their wits, and frequently do succeed, but only at the cost of their real genius.

This is, in aim and achievement, the most important novel Sir Hugh has written for a long time.

Miss Simpson's hero is also a romantic, though of a different kind. In 1831 Sir Richard Bourke, the new Governor of New South Wales, arrives in Sydney to take up his post. With him comes his young Irish cousin, Charles Adare. Amson Flusky, a freed convict, gives a dinner party for Adare, but Lady Henrietta, his wife, is not there to welcome her guest. When at last she comes down, the worse for drink, Adare recognises her as a friend of his sister's, who had eloped with and married her room.

Adare sets himself to retrieve this wreck of a woman, who is drinking herself to death. He persuades her to live for her husband, instead of trying to die for him. A disappointed poet, he sees in Henrietta his chance to create beauty.

How this perilous enterprise turned out is Miss Simpson's story. In other hands, such a framework might not promise much. But Miss Simpson is a writer of such honesty and integrity, and has such understanding of her scene and people, that she takes the reader with her every step of the way. Her story is all of a piece, framework, setting, and scene : and the outline

she has given does injustice to as sound and satisfactory a novel as one could ask.

Mr. Carl Fallas presents us with a country idyll, a daydream in which the murmur of innumerable bees is blended with the sound of even more innumerable kisses. It is insubstantial, vaguely delightful, and saved from overweetness by the author's sense of humour and odd view of his world.

L. A. G. STRONG.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SINCE THE PEACE TREATIES, by E. H. Carr. *Macmillan.* 6s.

WE OR THEY, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. *Macmillan.* 3s. 6d.

Professor Carr believes that "in International politics, more than in any other sphere, the leadership still remains, for good or evil, in European hands." There may be some truth in this view. It may be that the immense physical resources of the United States and Soviet Asia are not going to matter so much as we had imagined. It may be that Sino-Japanese conflicts and the exploitation of China's immense labour market will pass without influence on world polity and economy. Even if Mr. Carr's view be accepted, however, it is a little surprising to find the relations of the British Commonwealth dismissed in three pages, and the relations of Latin America and the United States in little more. On the shortest view, these subjects are of somewhat greater relative importance. It is surprising, too, to find no mention in this book of the new Indian Constitution. That instrument cannot, surely, be of less importance to the future of international relations than, say, the status of Syria. And it is disconcerting to find the statements of a Professor of International Relations in a British University arousing doubt. Was Russia "deprived" of her special rights in China at the end of the War ? Or did she voluntarily forgo them in 1924, which was one reason for her ascendancy over other European Powers in the earlier days of the Chinese Nationalist Government ?

These things apart, Professor Carr's book is a considerable achievement. It was an immense task to compress the tangled story of the post-war world, even in its mainly European aspect, into some two hundred and fifty pages ; and he has fulfilled it with admirable clarity and impartiality. He makes clear the division between the periods of treaty enforcement (1920-24), of pacification under the League of Nations (1924-30), of economic and

political crisis (1930-33), and of the return to power politics (1933-36). In each case the facts are left so far as possible to speak for themselves. In every case justice is done equally to both parties, whether the parties be Germany and the Allies or Italy and the League of Nations. And throughout—surprisingly in view of the belief quoted above emphasis is laid upon the important part played by American finance in keeping a ten years' peace in post-war Europe. The whole story is not one which will give any particular pleasure to British readers. British policy was creditable enough, if not exactly positive, in the years of settlement and reconstruction. But the dispassionate record of its vacillations over Anglo-German relations, Abyssinia and Spain in the period of power-politics can only leave a sense of deep humiliation.

To this sense, Mr. Armstrong's book is something of an antidote. Mr. Armstrong is an American and editor of that excellent American quarterly, *Foreign Affairs*. Distance from Europe seems to have embittered his view of European affairs. He sees the world divided between the democratic and the dictatorial ideals—"we" and "they"; he points to the danger that, only one being required to make a quarrel, one of the dictators may at any moment plunge the world into war; and in spirit, if not in so many words, he appeals for a crusade against dictatorship. His quotations from the writings and speeches of the dictators certainly support his view that they are a noisome nuisance. But the most prejudiced of British anti-Fascists would probably admit that there is something more than he allows to be said in defence of post-war German and Italian policy. To take but one example, it is hardly fair to condemn Hitler's refusal to accept a judgment of the Hague Court on the Franco-Soviet Treaty without referring to the notoriously political judgment given by the Hague Court four years previously on the proposed Austro-German Customs Union.

It may be that the pusillanimity of the democracies (and not least of the British democracies), has helped, temporarily, to strengthen the dictatorships. But, while even the possibility of peace remains, there will be many European democrats who will willingly accept that consequence. They are the more willing to accept it because, hateful as the practices of dictatorship may be to them, they are aware that their own post-war follies are in part responsible. It is only at three thousand miles' distance that mankind can be convincingly separated into sheep and goats.

WILFRID HINDLE

"FOOTNOTES TO THE FILM," by Charles Davy. (*Lovat Dickson*. 18s.)
RADIO IS CHANGING US, by D. Cleghorn Thomson. (*Watts & Co.* 2s. 6d.)

Film critic of the *Yorkshire Post* and the *London Mercury*, Mr. Davy has invited sixteen men and one woman each to contribute a chapter to his book, he himself adding an epilogue entitled "Are Films Worth While?"

Evidently the answer is in the affirmative, or such capable people as Robert Donat, Alexander Korda, Paul Nash, Alfred Hitchcock, Elizabeth Bowen, Basil Dean and John Grierson—these are some of Mr. Davy's contributors—would not be occupying themselves with the cinema at all. In the present volume each has written on that particular aspect of the cinema with which he is most concerned. Thus Mr. Donat deals with acting, Mr. Hitchcock with direction, Mr. Alistair Cooke with film criticism, and Mr. Sidney Bernstein with box-office problems, while Miss Bowen represents the ordinary film-goer.

For whom is such a compilation of expert views and opinions intended? At one time it would have found its way on to the bookshelves only of those few directly concerned with the cinema, when the cinema was generally regarded as no more than a trivial entertainment. When the answer to Mr. Davy's question

"Are Films Worth While?" might well have been "Hardly." But times and the cinema—have changed. Day a surprising number of film-goers no plank down their shillings at the x-office know a surprising amount about the technicalities of the screen. And they want to know more. True, the gossipy and fulsome tit-bits about the lives and habits of film-stars are all eagerly swallowed—no doubt they always will be—but there is a growing appreciation among the public of such matters as camera-work or the individual methods of this or that director. It's what you *don't* see when you go to the pictures that really interests most.

Mr. Davy's book will assist that appreciation. He takes us behind the scenes; and turns us loose with his team of guides. Mr. Donat, for instance, writes amusingly, and in a downright fashion about the films in which we have seen him act. Mr. Hitchcock tells us how he tackled the creation of such pictures as "Blackmail" and more recently, "The Man Who Knew Too Much." And what they, and the others have to say, is enlivened by a large number of reproductions of stills from familiar films.

This is not a book for the highbrows. Emphatically it is for the ordinary film-goer—who does not leave his mains outside in the cloak-room.

For so small a volume, Mr. Thomson's book contains a vast amount of information about the British Broadcasting Corporation. As a former employee of the Corporation, he should know what he is writing about. It is a pity, then, that he is hampered by a prosaic style of expression, and that he prefacing each of his chapters with various quotations from Shakespeare or from "Alice in Wonderland" which, on the whole, strike one as unapt.

"Criticism," writes Mr. Thomson in concluding summary, "is the B.C.'s most pressing need today." Certainly the B.C. would not deny that criticism is both healthy and stimulating, if sympathetically delivered.

My impression is that Mr. Thomson is not altogether sympathetic to the subject which he is discussing, and his arguments lose weight accordingly.

ANDREW RICE.

A DATE WITH A DUCHESS, and other stories, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

PETER WARING, by Forrest Reid. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.

PERRY'S COWS, by Margaret Iles. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

While popular taste writhes voluptuously in the grip of child-fixations of a commonplace nature, odd little girls seize the chance of creeping through the hedge into the better class of fiction. They have to be odd to get in, and once in they make themselves as useful as trolls in a Norse forest or idiot boys on the Cumberland fells. It is a coincidence that an odd little girl figures in each of the books under review, but it may be more than a

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The authorised biography of Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett will be published on October 7.

CASSELL

coincidence that in each case, if she does not exactly steal the picture in the manner suited to her age and sex, she at least succeeds in haunting a reviewer's all too brief memory.

For we must have our symbols, as Mr. Calder-Marshall would probably concede. They hop freely about his book of stories, as inconsequential and as agitating as the images of a dreaming mind. And the little girl who laughed in Worthing, furnishing matter for a tale by that single piece of irresponsibility, need fear no comparison with the heavier implications of a whole volcano in a later and longer story—"The Crime against Cania." And indeed the author's versatility is such that the attempt at comparison between one story and another amounts to an attempt to divide and document his readers. His approach is various, and his success (to apply to his writing the high standards of measure that it invites and deserves) is uneven. In perhaps twelve out of twenty of these stories he is at his best, and that is a high proportion. A personal selection would be for "A Date with a Duchess" and "L'Enfant Posthume," which suggest the noble ancestry of de Maupassant, for "Straw Hat" in which a theme fit for D. H. Lawrence is treated with an economy which Lawrence only occasionally commanded, for "Terminus," "Pickle my Bones," "Mr. Thompson" and "Rosie"—the odd little girl.

She is with us again in Mr. Forrest Reid's novel, and her name is Alice. She makes little more than a momentary appearance to lavish upon the eponymous boy-hero, Peter Waring, the uncanny affection of a ten-year-old, but she could give several of the more prominent characters a dimension. The book is described as a complete re-writing of an earlier novel, which I have not read. This version, in spite of ideas, in spite of passages of uncommonly good writing, I found sticky. There are a father and son, estranged as it appears by temperament,

and there is first love to sharpen the sword. But the estrangement differs in degree only, and not in kind, from the natural schism between pubescent and parent, with the scales heavily weighted on the side of young Peter who not only had the advantage of rich and amiable female guardian but was sought after by friends older than himself in a quite remarkable way. At sixteen or so Peter could recognize in his aunt signs of an addiction to drugs which an intelligent adult might easily have mistaken. We leave him year or two later, about to defy the menace of his name by growing up. But it is his father, rigidly pious and desperately unhappy, who excites sympathy.

In "Perry's Cows," the odd little girl achieves her apotheosis. It is difficult to guess the age of Ginger, who wants a doll in a yellow frock for Christmas and yet winds her way with triumphant cunning in and out of the imbroglio of a miserable feud. But she is a solid and not unattractive character in a gallery of English rogues—small and mean rogues, most of them living their vicious little lives in and about a muddy Essex lane. Not one of them is a countryman born, and Miss Iles has succeeded cleverly in presenting a phenomenon hitherto little touched by fiction—that of the most advanced tentacle-tip of the urban octopus, in which the death-adhesive pores are situated. Her farmer Perry—even he has a cockney streak—reserves for his cows a tenderness and solicitude, but treats mankind as something to be cheated and bullied in submission. It is to the author's great credit that the reader finds himself hoping that Perry will win each exciting round of a degrading battle with his neighbours and his official master. She enlists no affection—that probably not her aim—but she sustains interest. Her style combines with a keenly imaginative touch a depressing tendency to solecism.

FRANCIS WATSON.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

or the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our Contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

We lead off this month with an important article on Scottish Self-government, considered as an element in the very necessary relief of the congestion of business at Westminster. The Rt. Hon. Thomas Johnston, P.C. is the best type of Scottish nationalist, who sees in devolution the one remedy for difficulties present and to come, but realizes that the goal can only be reached by stages of evolution. The author is a Socialist whose vision and hard-headed practical sense has always marked him out from his fellows. Although his chief title to fame must surely be his record as Founder and for twenty-seven years editor of *Forward*, the Socialist weekly published in Glasgow, it is as a front-rank Labour party politician that he is better known, perhaps, outside Scotland. In the Labour Government of 1929-31 he was Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Scotland and subsequently Lord Privy Seal. His publications include *The History of the Working Classes in Scotland* and *The Financiers and the Nation*.

Party Politics are at a discount these days, and there is something rather unreal about the annual party conferences scheduled for October. "Conservative" and "Labour" trumpeters will blow their bugles as usual; yet everyone knows that, so long as the shadow of war persists, Great Britain will not budge from her "National" pitch. It is a situation which is profoundly disconcerting, in particular, to those whose allegiance is to Labour and Socialism.

Cecil Delisle Burns, D.Litt., who discusses the trials and tribulations of the Labour party, professes to speak only as a rank-and-file member. But

he has a breadth of experience and sympathy which give him a unique title to the rôle of interpreter. As a former Assistant Secretary to the Joint Research Department of the Trade Union Congress and the Labour Party (1921-24), moreover, he has graduated in the best possible school.

After coming down from Cambridge he studied in Rome and then took up University Extension lecturing. The War interrupted his academic career, and it was not until 1924, after valuable administrative experience, that he returned to his special field of social philosophy. After holding appointments at Birkbeck and the London School of Economics he was appointed Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship at the University of Glasgow, and still holds that position—though a serious illness has long laid him low. Of his many publications on sociological themes none is more effective than the little book on "The Philosophy of Labour" (1928). As a broadcaster Professor Delisle Burns has had opportunities of demonstrating his capacity for simple lucid exposition.

George Catlin is another recruit for the Labour party from the academic world. After a distinguished career at Oxford (where he was Gladstone Prizeman and Matthew Arnold Memorial Prizeman) he went to be Lecturer in History at Sheffield. Political science, however, is his special field, and, aside from some work for the Social Science Research Council in the U.S.A., he held the position of Professor of Politics at Cornell University from 1924-1935. In the past few years he has been one of the most stimulating thinkers among those active in Labour party politics. The article which he has written for

THE FORTNIGHTLY this month is the fruit of his varied experience as a student of social health. Both George Catlin and his wife, Vera Brittain, are old contributors.

Stanley Casson who has made a study of the ways of art forgers, is a don with an unusually wide horizon. After a distinguished war record—he has written a notable book about his war experiences—he was appointed to a Fellowship at New College, Oxford, and he holds the post of Reader in Classical Archaeology in the University. His special field is early Greek sculpture, but he is known as a writer and broadcaster on many aspects of art and archaeology. His latest book *Progress and Catastrophe* (1937) reveals a keen historical mind and a lively sense of present perils.

Pending the outcome of Ministers' comflabulation at or near Geneva it is impossible to say whether the gloom of the international atmosphere, as recently portrayed in our columns by "Pertinax" and Sir Arthur Willert, is to be in any way lightened. **Dr. Wolfgang Friedmann**, who analyses the situation of lawlessness in its deeper implications, is a German jurist with a rare knowledge of English law and English ways. For his work in the fields of comparative and international law he obtained a Master's degree at London University last year. Apart from articles and legal papers he is the author of an important monograph on *The Contribution of English Equity to the Idea of an International Equity Tribunal*, published by the New Commonwealth Institute, and is joint editor of the newly-launched *Modern Law Review*.

Robert Machray's name will be familiar to our readers. A veteran publicist, he has made himself one of the foremost authorities in this country on the politics of Central Europe. He has just returned from a tour of the countries of the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente, undertaken at the age of 80!—and has had conversations with the leading Ministers in the various countries. The information which his

article contains is therefore accurate and authoritative.

Ernest Hambloch has spent the greater part of his life in Brazil. After a period as Acting Consul General at Rio de Janeiro he was for many years Commercial Secretary No. 1 to the British Embassy, Secretary of the British Chamber of Commerce, and correspondent of *The Times* at Rio. He is responsible for the Year Book of Brazil, and has a work of autobiographical interest appearing shortly with Harraps. Recent news from Brazil seems to suggest that the fascist yeast is rising, and this may well provoke a very strained situation before the presidential elections which are due to take place in January, 1938.

The record of the Dean of Chichester, **The Very Rev. A. S. Duncan-Jones**, speaks for itself. A former Fellow and Dean of Gonville and Caius, Cambridge, he became Vicar of St. Mary's, Primrose Hill, in 1916, succeeded to the Vicarship of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge in 1928, and to the Deanery of Chichester in the following year. As Assistant editor of *The Guardian* since 1933, and in recent years editor of St. Paul's Review, he has made a reputation for sound unprejudiced writing, and somehow has contrived also to have a share in any number of progressive activities.

Dr. G. F. McCleary was a pioneer in the Maternity and Child Welfare Movement and is now Chairman of the National Association of Maternity and Child Welfare Centres and for the Prevention of Infant Mortality.

We have been accused of neglecting our short story writers in this talking gallery. Let it be proclaimed, therefore, that "**Anne Abercromby**," whose delightful sketch of a Pepys episode takes the place of the customary conte, is a Yorkshirewoman, the wife of a member of the Scottish Bar, a mother who has nevertheless found time, in her own words "to take up writing in grim earnest or die in the attempt."

Finally, **R. J. Barrett** writes again from first-hand acquaintance with the problems of Hong Kong.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

THE FORTNIGHTLY, being some five years older than Johnnie Walker, and still going strong, must presumably hang its head in shame when reading the last few words of Mr. Robert Herring's editorial indictment in the Autumn issue of *Life and Letters To-Day*. In the *Cornhill*, Lord Gorell had had the temerity to suggest that some of the contributions in Mr. Herring's quarterly were competitions in lunacy. Mr. Herring replies, "We are aware of no competition, and find it typical of the elder English reviews that they should be less willing to signalize sanity than what they so belatedly and laboriously find irrational." As the notice-boards say, "This means you!" The opportunity for presenting the other cheek is really too tempting. May we assure Mr. Herring that we greatly admire his publication, read most of it with considerable pleasure and are constantly recommending it to all whose interest is likely to be excited.

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The object of these paragraphs is not, as some may suppose, an effort to fill up two additional pages for which no better use can be found. It is an attempt to help a few of those who so kindly send us literature about all kinds of interesting matters, to assist various charities using our advertisement pages with an elaboration of their difficulties and a statement of their needs, and generally to draw our readers' attention to many activities which might otherwise escape their attention.

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Morley College, which has R. H. Tawney for its President and Mrs. Eva M. Hubback as Principal, has recently been enrolling students for the classes which began on September 20. The aim of the College, which was founded fifty years ago in connection with the "Old Vic" and has now 3,000 students is to give to men and women who are at work during the day an opportunity of studying in the evenings subjects in which they are interested—not for examination purposes—but for their own sakes. Most interesting to ourselves are the series of ten public lectures on the Contemporary World, to be held on Tuesday evenings, beginning on October 5, the lecturers to include the Editor of the Fortnightly, Mr. W. Horsfall Carter, on The Irish Free State; Mr. Norman Bentwich on Palestine and the Near East; Mr. J. Langdon-Davies on Spain; Miss Elizabeth Wiskemann on Central Europe; M. L. E. Genissieux on France; Mr. Edward Thompson on India; Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe on the United States; Mr. A. Leslie Hutchinson on Germany; Mr. P. A. Sloan on the U.S.S.R.; and Miss Freda Utley on Japan and China. Public lectures are also to be held on Thursdays and include five lectures on Problems of Population by Dr. G. F. McCleary and a course on Great Cities of Europe. The address of Morley College is 61, Westminster Bridge Road.

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It is perhaps just as well that we do not spend some hours of the day pitying those in circumstances less happy than our own. Pity is cheap, and pence are more valuable for those in distress. Hospitals, and in particular, The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, are in constant need of assistance. The fact that whatever we may be able to give can only equal the widow's mite, should not deter us from sending whatever we can afford and perhaps a little more. At the present moment the Committee of The

Royal Cancer Hospital are faced with the urgent necessity of extending the Research Institute, modernizing the wards, some of which date back to 1851, when the hospital was founded, and providing more accommodation for nurses. These extensions will cost £150,000, and this sum is most urgently required. All readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY are in the position to give something towards the extension, and it would certainly give us much pleasure if we thought that the first charity appeal to appear in our pages had been the means of relieving much suffering and distress.

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The annual conference organized by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England will take place this year at Leamington from October 14—17. Brigadier-General Lord Henry Seymour, D.S.O., will open the conference and under the chairmanship of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, the opening session will be devoted to Green Belts. Other speakers will be Mr. G. Langley Taylor talking on problems of Rural Housing, and Professor G. M. Trevelyan, who opens the debate on National Parks.

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A most interesting exhibition is to be opened at the Royal Institute of British Architects on Tuesday, October 12, by Professor John Hilton. The Exhibition, which has been arranged by a special committee of architects, will show education authorities and everyone else who cares to attend, the newest ideas in the planning, equipment and design of school buildings. The Exhibition will consist of more than 250 photographs, diagrams and models, representing for the most part buildings which have already been erected. Examples, however, are not limited to Great Britain; schools from abroad that show ideas applicable to this country, and the general trend of design abroad, are included. The Exhibition will be open to the public from Wednesday, October 13 to Tuesday, October 19, after which it will tour the provinces.

THE FORTNIGHTLY announces for November, 1937

THE ENGLISHMAN AND WAR

By Edmund Blunden

So much peace propaganda misses fire because it fails to take account of the factors of history and geography which condition the attitudes of the respective peoples. On the other hand, the pacifist strain in the psychology of a nation may be an inhibiting element in the formulation and conduct of its external policy. This would seem to be the case with Great Britain and the peoples of the Commonwealth. Edmund Blunden, poet and author of the war-classic '*Undertones of War*', discusses this theme and draws some remarkable conclusions,

and

Robert Boothby, M.P., on behalf of the post-war generation to which Mr. Anthony Eden belongs, will state the case for the Government's foreign policy.

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